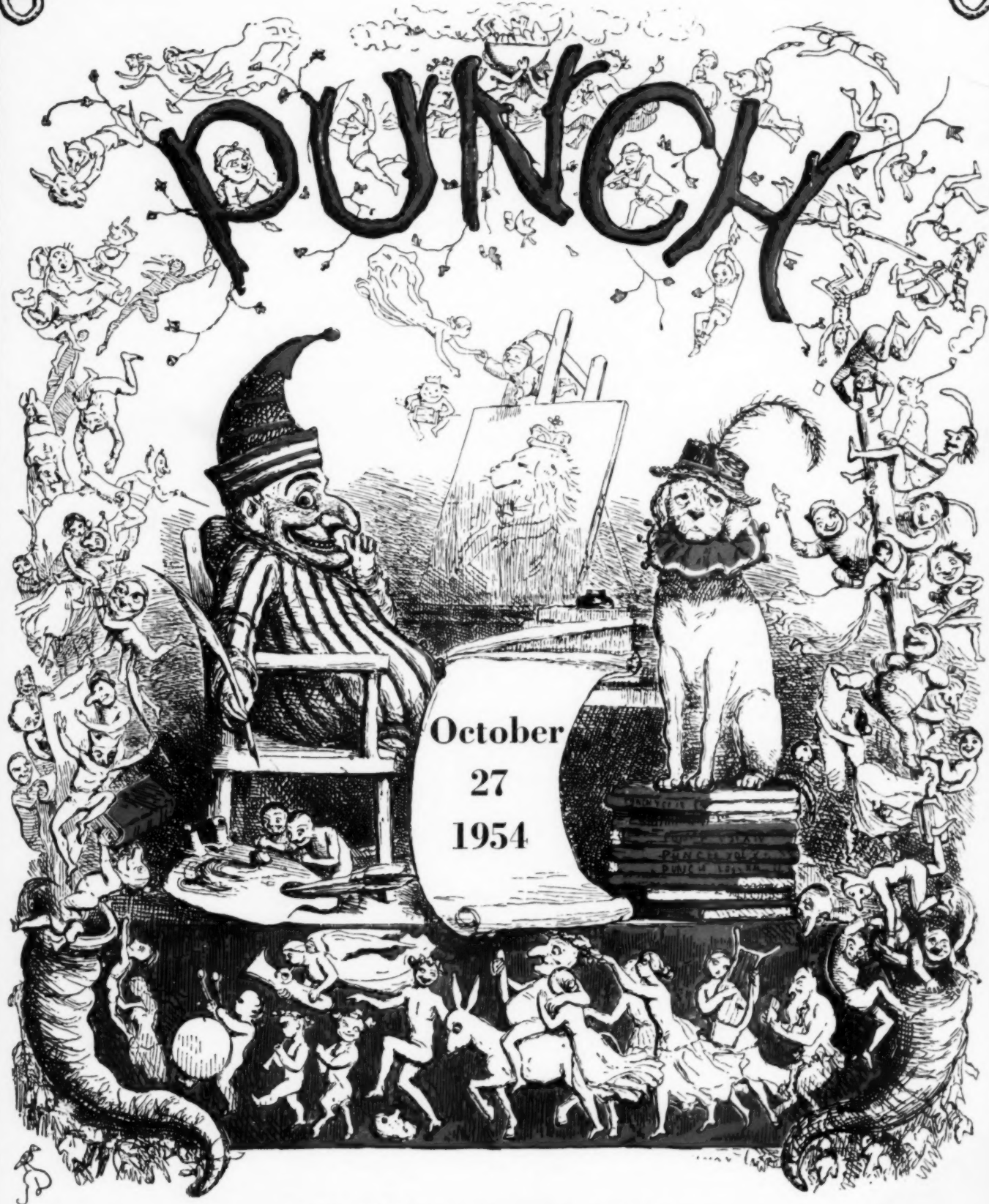


6^p

PUNCH or The London Charivari—October 27 1954

6^p

October
27
1954

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4



On the 21st of October 1879,

a loop of carbonised cotton began to glow within a vacuum, and kept on glowing for more than forty hours. Nineteen years previously, Swan had made the first experimental electric filament lamp: now, after years of research, Thomas Edison had successfully produced the first 'practical' electric incandescent lamp.

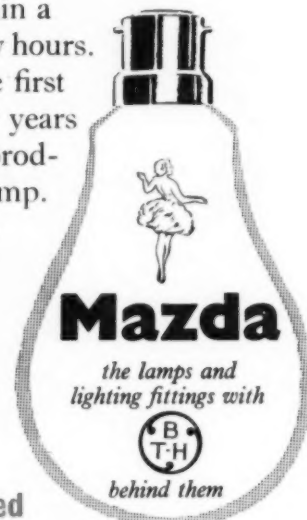
That was 75 years ago. Since then the story of electric lighting has been one of constant development, until it has become a fundamental part of modern life.

For almost every important lighting development in this whole prodigious progress, the world owes something to

The British Thomson-Houston Company Limited

THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. (Member of the A.E.I. Group of Companies)

4550

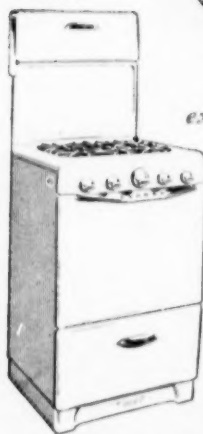


I've changed to
cannon
Eye Level Cooking

*It's so much quicker & easier
with my...*

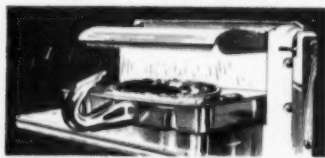


exclusive FOLDAWAY eye level grill



Cooking is so much simpler with the Cannon Grill, which is so wide and deep that many dishes never before possible on a domestic cooker can now be prepared by every housewife. It is much easier to clean too, and the large High Level Oven bakes better than ever before.

Other exclusive features include the Deep Warming Drawer, Foldaway Plate Shelf and Press-button Lighting for the four hotplate burners.



SO SIMPLE TO OWN in Dove Grey and White, all White, Cream and Green or all Cream porcelain enamel. The Cannon A.125 can be yours for an extremely low deposit with extended terms.

Cannon (GA) Ltd., Deepfields, Bilston, Staffs. London Office: 4 Park Lane, W.1.

SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS



In $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons
and 1 lb. & 2 lb. boxes



Tobler
Symphony

Ideal for Birthdays, Theatres or Motoring
EACH EXQUISITE CHOCOLATE A JOY TO EAT

*It's better
for
everyone*



Imperial
Good
Companion
portable

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LTD - LEICESTER & HULL



NO. 249



FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LIMITED • HIGH WYCOMBE • BUCKS

Windsor Tub-thumping by the ERCOLion

"Behold my Windsor Tub Chair," said the ERCOLion, "designed for people of taste who have little money to indulge it and small room to exercise it. Observe please the sturdy construction, the handsome foam rubber tapestry cushion, cushioned on cable springs, the mellow waxed finish, the admirable lines and quiet beauty. Feast your eyes on it. Sit on it, or knit in it. Rest, read or write in it. It will give you comfort in repose and support in employment. Supplies are shared by all good furniture shops on the principle of fair chairs for all."



That rich and mellow look . .

A BRILLIANT lasting shine . . . Yes, and something more too. For the fine waxes subtly blended in Nugget help keep leather supple and waterproof—and give the rich time-mellowed look that distinguishes fine shoes.

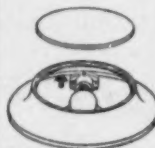
NUGGET SHOE POLISH

BLACK, BROWN, DARK BROWN, OX-BLOOD

The R.E.A.L. Plinth Light

Pat. No. 659876

Shedding a soft radiance that, whilst supremely restful to the eyes, is not strong enough to dim the brightness of the picture on the screen, the R.E.A.L. Plinth forms the ideal, subdued illumination for televiewers, for no direct light reaches the eye. It is, too, a most charming decoration for any room, and perfect for the lighting of halls, corridors and staircases . . . as only a 15-watt lamp is required.



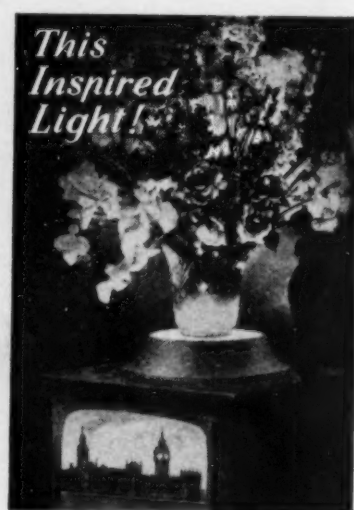
The R.E.A.L. Standard Plinth Diameter at Base 11½". Price

36/9
Tax Paid.

You can buy this superbly finished Plinth in Pastel Cream, Gilt Lustre, Eggshell Black, Pastel Rose or Pastel Blue, complete with shockproof porcelain lampholder, heavy glass diffusing plate, and three yards of flexible cord.

Most good Electrical and Radio Stores can supply

Dept. T., R.E.A.L. Works, BIRMINGHAM, 18



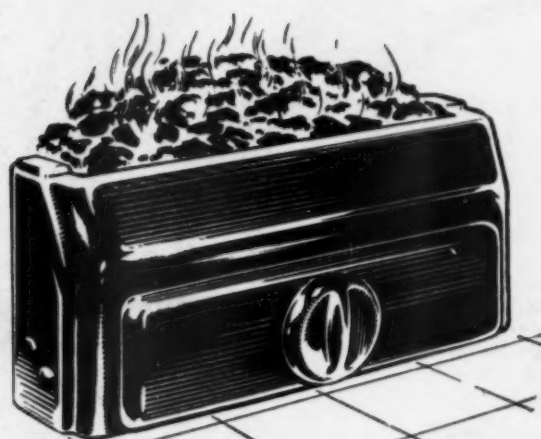
The R.E.A.L. Junior Plinth Diameter at Base 6½". Price

28/-
Tax Paid.

*"I'm awfully glad
we bought a
REDFYRE"*



Life seems so easy and pleasant since we bought our Redfyre. There's no more worry about coal shortage or about the high cost of fuel. We burn coal, slack, coke or anything that's going, and the house is always warm. We can go out for the whole day, and when we return in the evening there's always a glowing welcome for us. What a change from the chilly, expensive, laborious days with our old-fashioned grate. Yes, I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre.



BY DAY



BY NIGHT

From your local distributor or
Gas Board Showroom

The **REDFYRE**

CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE

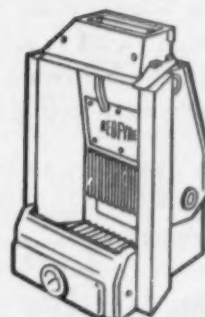
Fitted with chrome steel bottom grate to avoid "burning out".
Available in 12" to 18" sizes, to fit all standard fireplaces.
Finished in lovely vitreous enamel with choice of colours.

there's also the

REDFYRE

BAC BOILER

A Redfyre for your living room with a high output boiler concealed behind it! Ensures abundant hot water and heats two radiators.



NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO., LTD., THORNCLIFFE, NR. SHEFFIELD

Aside to an individualist

Just as clever machines can make today a perfectly adequate pair of shoes, so can they produce a quite passable biscuit.

Nevertheless, like the hard core of people who still support the made-to-measure shoe, there remains among us a small number of individualists who insist that nothing but a made-by-hand biscuit will do.

To these few—and they might be in any income bracket, in any part of the globe—the town of Tunbridge Wells is rather akin to Mecca, for it is here that Romary's Tunbridge Wells biscuits are made.

Resolutely impractical, Romary's continue to rely on the skilled hand and the experienced eye, two ingredients as old-fashioned as the soft-grained English wheat and dairy butter that go into our Tunbridge Wells biscuits.

Measured by hand, rolled by hand (and rolled wafer-fine), these biscuits are then cut by hand . . . but why repeat? It's clear that the machine is not the master at Romary's.

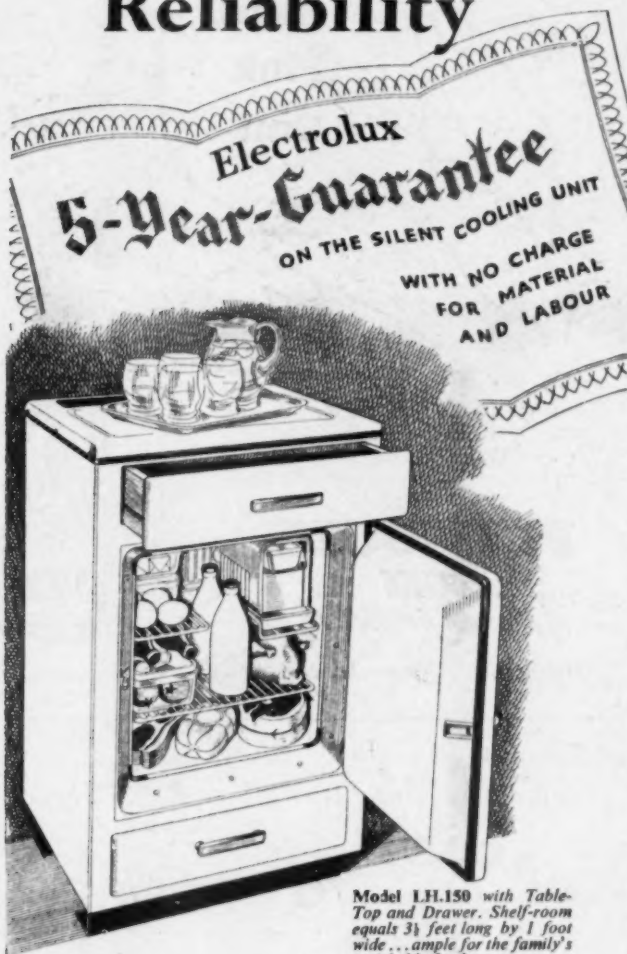
Try Romary's Wheaten or Tunbridge Wells biscuits—preferably with wine or cheese—and we believe you'll see why we take this stand for craftsmanship. Either of these biscuits provides a taste experience that no impersonal machine, in our opinion, could match. You'll find them packed in handsome drums . . . not at every grocery counter, but decidedly worth seeking out.

 * P.S. Good companions for your *
 * cocktail parties are Romary's *
 * Cocktail biscuits. And there are *
 * three for tea: Honey Bake, Ginger *
 * Bake, and Chocolate Batons, which *
 * you'll want to enjoy every day. *



Romary's ORIGINAL
 HAND-MADE BISCUITS

Renowned for Reliability



Model L.H.150 with Table-Top and Drawer. Shelf-room equals 3½ feet long by 1 foot wide... ample for the family's perishable foods.

Ask your friends! For 30 years housewives have been envied their trouble-free Electrolux Refrigerators.

- ▶ Operated by Gas, Electricity, Paraffin or Bottled Gas.
- ▶ Permanently Silent, no distracting noises—no moving parts to wear.
- ▶ Country-wide service with Guarantee.
- ▶ Credit Terms to suit your convenience.

In keeping food COLD—CLEAN—COVERED

Electrolux

Excels



By Appointment
Refrigerator Makers
to the late King George VI



By Appointment
Successor Cleaner and
Refrigerator Manufacturers
to the late Queen Mary

For details of Electrolux Silent Refrigerators please write to:
ELECTROLUX LTD., (Dept. F5), 153/5 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



"Though personally I don't see why anyone would want to swing a cat in the AGA oven."

AGA HEAT LIMITED
2/16 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



5 REASONS FOR CHOOSING



- 1** **SAFE** to sleep on—switched on.
SAFE from risk of electrocution.
SAFE because its transformer reduces dangerous mains voltage to a harmless 24 volts.
- 2** **ALL-OVER-THE-BED-WARMTH.** The blanket is the same size as your mattress.
- 3** **THREE HEATS.**
- 4** **SMALL CURRENT CONSUMPTION.** **SAFE to**
- 5** **DOUBLE, SINGLE & TWIN MODELS** **SLEEP on**

THE GREAT SAFETY FACTOR
Mains Voltage
Reduced to 24 volts

We shall be pleased to forward the name of your nearest stockist.
WINDAK LIMITED, WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE

YOU CAN NOW GIVE THE FINEST PEN IN THE WORLD

This is the Sheaffer

Seen in the hands of the most influential people in the world. Recognized instantly by its slim silhouette, by its unmistakable tubular nib, by the near-incredible "Snorkel."

It's a masterpiece of precision engineering, this Sheaffer... Instantly ready, always, to flow your thoughts on to paper

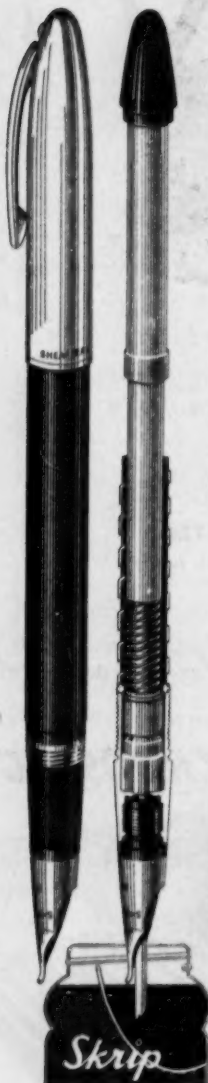


with the gliding, almost frictionless touch of the Sheaffer nib.

Just to hold the Sheaffer in your hand to know the feel of it—that's the first indication of the Sheaffer's worth. Write with it and you'll discover why the world's most discerning people buy it at prices up to nine and a half guineas.



As a Christmas present, of course, it's the gift of a lifetime—for a lifetime... and it is now on sale in Great Britain.



AIR-SEALED INNER CAP

Air seal stops ink drying, keeps pen instantly ready for use. Innerspring safety clip.

PNEUMATIC FILLER

A flick of a finger—instantaneous filling on the downstroke. Cleans, flushes itself automatically.

14 CARAT GOLD FEATHERTOUCH POINT

A marvel of delicate precision and strength.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS "SNORKEL"

Wiping nib, wiping barrel, a thing of the past! Snorkel tube reaches down, fills pen, retracts!

Sheaffer's

*Snorkel Pens from £3.7.6 to nine and a half guineas

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO. LTD. • GREAT BRITAIN • U.S.A. • CANADA • AUSTRALIA

have you ever enjoyed a



the real thing—mixed to the original recipe—is so different because it's made with the one and only

PLYMOUTH

the GIN
*of pre-war perfection **

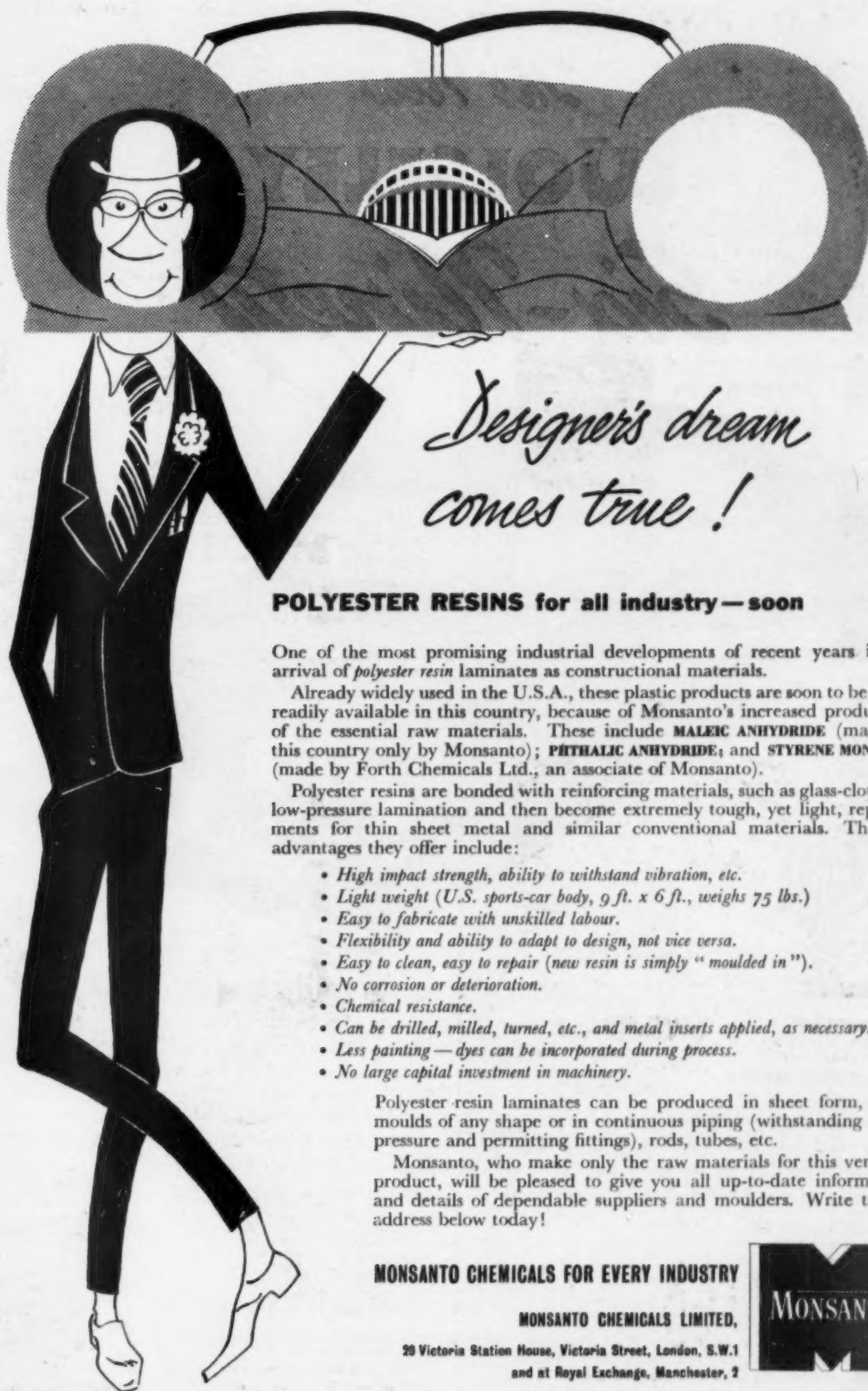
* PERFECT - plain (with water) or pink, or with tonic, vermouth, cordials, etc.



Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.



*Designer's dream
comes true!*

POLYESTER RESINS for all industry — soon

One of the most promising industrial developments of recent years is the arrival of *polyester resin* laminates as constructional materials.

Already widely used in the U.S.A., these plastic products are soon to be more readily available in this country, because of Monsanto's increased production of the essential raw materials. These include **MALEIC ANHYDRIDE** (made in this country only by Monsanto); **PHthalic ANHYDRIDE**; and **STYRENE MONOMER** (made by Forth Chemicals Ltd., an associate of Monsanto).

Polyester resins are bonded with reinforcing materials, such as glass-cloth, by low-pressure lamination and then become extremely tough, yet light, replacements for thin sheet metal and similar conventional materials. The big advantages they offer include:

- *High impact strength, ability to withstand vibration, etc.*
- *Light weight (U.S. sports-car body, 9 ft. x 6 ft., weighs 75 lbs.)*
- *Easy to fabricate with unskilled labour.*
- *Flexibility and ability to adapt to design, not vice versa.*
- *Easy to clean, easy to repair (new resin is simply "moulded in").*
- *No corrosion or deterioration.*
- *Chemical resistance.*
- *Can be drilled, milled, turned, etc., and metal inserts applied, as necessary.*
- *Less painting — dyes can be incorporated during process.*
- *No large capital investment in machinery.*

Polyester-resin laminates can be produced in sheet form, or in moulds of any shape or in continuous piping (withstanding great pressure and permitting fittings), rods, tubes, etc.

Monsanto, who make only the raw materials for this versatile product, will be pleased to give you all up-to-date information and details of dependable suppliers and moulders. Write to the address below today!

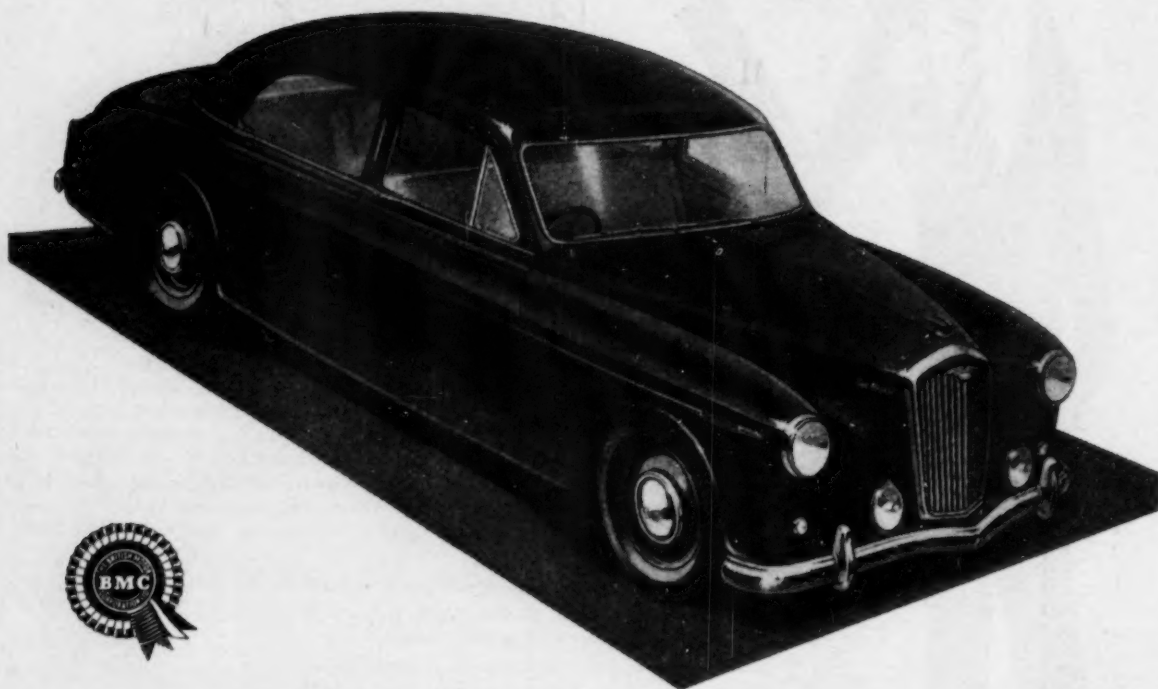
MONSANTO CHEMICALS FOR EVERY INDUSTRY

MONSANTO CHEMICALS LIMITED,

29 Victoria Station House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
and at Royal Exchange, Manchester, 2



The New
WOLSELEY
Six-Ninety



WHEN WOLSELEY announce a new model at the Show there cannot be a more exciting expectation for that very typical Englishman, the man who likes his motor-car to be, in all things—in performance no less than appearance—exhilarating, discreet and distinguished.

Inside, the comfort and airy spaciousness of a room. Outside, graceful, distinguished lines that cleave the air in a muted murmur, now doing an effortless 80, now a smooth 10—both on top—with the quiet assurance of power in plenty under perfect control. Beauty is as beauty does; and the newest Wolseley, the Six-Ninety, both *is* and *does* . . .

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD. London Showrooms: 12, Berkeley Street, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1



LEATHER UPHOLSTERY

**MAKES YOUR NEW CAR
A LASTING INVESTMENT**

Real leather is unique for its enduring comfort and luxurious appearance. So, even if this refinement involves a little extra cost, you will be more proud of your car and, when the time comes to re-sell, your good judgment will be more than rewarded.

"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date price list of cars that are available with leather upholstery. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1.



JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

Shipped only by :-
WILSON & VALDESPINO
JEREZ · SPAIN

Obtainable from all leading wine Merchants

NOW— A SPECIAL WINTER PETROL!

from Britain's newest refinery



DOUBLE POWERED

WINTER

Mobilgas SPECIAL



- QUICKER VAPORIZING
- ∴ QUICKER STARTING
- ∴ LEAST USE OF CHOKE
- ∴ LESS ENGINE WEAR
- ∴ LONGER LIFE TO YOUR CAR
AND MORE MILES PER GALLON
- and of course FREEDOM
FROM CARBURETTOR
ICING TROUBLES
—pioneered by Mobilgas

Because the rapid vaporizing of petrol has a 'refrigerating' effect, the inside of your carburettor may be as much as 30°F. colder than the air outside. Hence ice may form in it—even on mild days, if the air is damp. No wonder many cars in Britain suffer from carburettor icing troubles such as cold stalling, or sudden power loss! An exclusive additive in Mobilgas Special controls icing troubles by preventing ice from sticking to the surfaces in your carburettor.

A TUNE-UP IN EVERY TANKFUL

☆FOR YOUR WINTER OIL CHANGE—USE MOBIL OIL ARCTIC
or Mobiloil A if recommended for your engine

FASHIONABLE PEOPLE YOU PROBABLY KNOW

Mr. Rover Commune-Nature

member, Loyal Fox Watchers

Of colourful breeding, Mr. Commune-Nature deserves a perch among MUNROSPUN's exclusive 'SMART SET'. He preens with immaculate care. Scurrying after foxes is fashionable but hard on clothing. However, Mr.

Commune-Nature is a sly bird—when buying woollen knitwear he puts all his eggs on one product, MUNROSPUN. And you should

hear him crow about MUNROSPUN's durability, luxurious warmth, gorgeous colours and distinctive styles. Says he: "It's smart to wear MUNROSPUN"



join the 'Smart Set', wear
Munrospun

WOOLLEN SWEATERS · SOCKS AND TIES

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to
MUNROSPUN LIMITED · DEPT. P.2. RESTALRIG, EDINBURGH

-ABDULLA -

MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES*

Have you
thought about
**DEFENCE
BONDS**
lately?

... they're well worth
considering for
the following reasons:

£3 . 10 . 0 Interest per annum on each £100 invested. 3½%
Defence Bonds cost £5 each and you may hold up to £1,000
of them in addition to all holdings of earlier issues. Interest
is paid half-yearly but income tax is not deducted at source.

£3 . 0 . 0 Income tax-free bonus after 10 years on each £100
invested. If encashed between 5 and 10 years the bonus will
be 1%.

100% capital security. Defence Bonds are free from fluctua-
tions. They are the finest investment of their type.

BUY ALL YOU CAN

Obtainable from Post Offices, Banks, or through your Stockbroker



İNSANİYETİN HAYRINA !

HASAN IS PROUD that his job serves his country. More electricity means greater prosperity and a higher standard of living for Turkey. Hasan reckons that electricity is "*insaniyetin hayrınadır* — for the benefit of Man".

Hasan works at the Catalagzi Power Station, completed by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. in 1948. Recently, the President of the Turkish Republic laid the foundation stone of new extensions that will double the size of the station.

Again Metropolitan-Vickers, one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I., are undertaking the work. The new contract calls for turbo-generating plant, boilers, switchgear, and all civil works, totalling some £3½ million.

A.E.I. are Associated Electrical Industries, whose Companies make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI

for everything electrical

**Associated Electrical Industries
are a family of companies :**

Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
Sunvic Controls Ltd.

For relief from
ASTHMA ATTACKS, BRONCHITIS
AND BREATHLESSNESS...

THE 'COLLISON' INHALER

is now available on hire for the comfort and benefit of treatment in your own home. The 'COLLISON' Inhaler is provided in hospitals throughout the United Kingdom.

Hire terms: £3.3.0 1st month (plus delivery)
and £2.2.0 per month subsequently.
Treatment and inhaler as prescribed
by your doctor



Write for booklet to—

THE INHALATION INSTITUTE LTD

THE SECRETARY, 87 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON S.W.1. TEL: VICTORIA 1676

(B)

... Not a toy but a perfect
smaller edition of the
REAL THING



In the Phillips Range you will find the perfect Bicycle or Tricycle for every girl or boy, and each model is made to the same Quality precision, by the same craftsmen as the World Renowned Phillips "Grown-up" models.

PHILLIPS

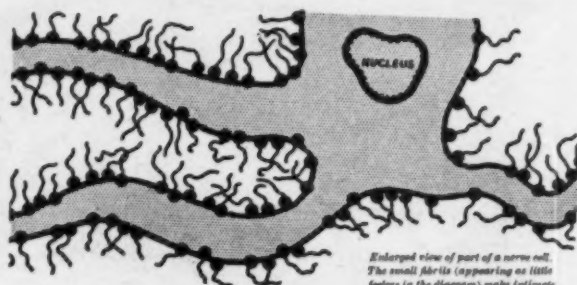
THE TRUE TEMPER STEEL BICYCLE

PHILLIPS CYCLES LTD., SMETHWICK BIRMINGHAM 40

Available in a range of limon-tine finishes: Kingfisher Blue; Red; Maroon, on rust-proof Bonderized Surface and Cream Mudguards. All models obtainable on E.F. terms by C.C.F. if required.

Send to-day for full colour illustrated catalogue.

Sleeplessness and your nerves



Enlarged view of part of a nerve cell. The small fibrils (appearing as little feelers in the diagram) make intimate contact with the fibrils of adjacent cells.

It is now recognised that a great deal of sleeplessness is caused by nervous tension, which is a deep-rooted form of "nerves". Once you grasp this simple fact sleeplessness is no longer a thing to fear. If you ease the nervous tension, if you correct the balance of your nerves, then sound, deep sleep should normally follow as a matter of course.

How Sanatogen works

The soundness of your nervous system depends on the efficient working of your nerve cells. When these cells do not receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", and the normal growth of nerve tissue is retarded. To promote the healthy development of such cells Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By this powerful tonic action Sanatogen helps to correct "nerves", to develop nervous stability, and to give you a calm and tranquil nervous system.

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen makes an extraordinary difference to one's health. You must try Sanatogen yourself.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms—sleeplessness, depression, excessive worrying, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

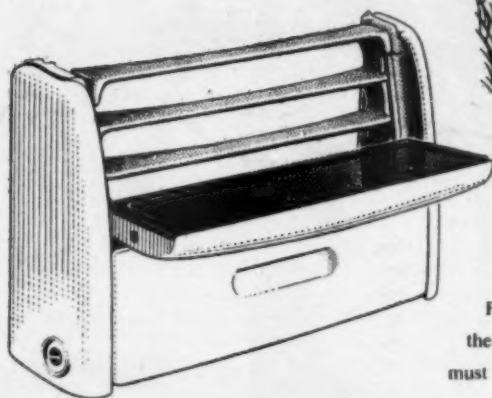
Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

You're right m'dear,
this is fireside
luxury!



There is nothing more enjoyable than relaxing in the comfort of your own home. Of course to make your enjoyment complete, several things have to be just right. For instance, the fire must give glowing warmth and not overpowering heat, and the grate must be graceful in appearance and blend with your furnishings. In fact it must be the Aristocrat of grates the

FLAVEL-SEYMOUR

FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON

A product of Makers of fine cooking and heating appliances since 1777

here's a
hold-up
... for
the
weather



Under cover of Duranide, the modern policeman keeps dry even at the wettest points of duty. Duranide P.V.C. Coated Fabric stays always soft and supple, never cracks or becomes sticky when rolled or folded, never needs reproofing. It's obtainable made to Admiralty and Post Office specifications and in grades suitable for industrial protective clothing as well as for windjammers, cycling capes and other rainproof garments. A policeman's lot is not the only one that is happier for Duranide.



Duranide is easy to make up, very durable and has a high resistance to fire.

Makers of protective garments are invited to write for fullest information and samples of coated cloths suited to specific needs.
THE GREENWICH LEATHERCLOTH CO. LTD.
ST. MARY CRAY, KENT, ENGLAND
Telephones: Ravensbourne 4674-5 and Orpington 25671-2-3.

H.P.?—hardly the thing, old boy!

"Hardly the thing for what?" said the quiet man in the corner, "you see, I found it precisely the thing I required when I realised that if my business was to prosper in this progressive age, I must have the most up-to-date plant and keep abreast of every mechanical development. I planned my programme and found that hire purchase facilities exactly matched my needs and they continue to do so. Perhaps, one day, you too will benefit from a realistic appreciation of where and when hire purchase is just the thing!"



BOWMAKER
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS

BOWMAKER LTD., Bowmaker House, Lansdowne, Bournemouth.
London: 61 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Branches throughout the U.K.



**You know what
you're getting**



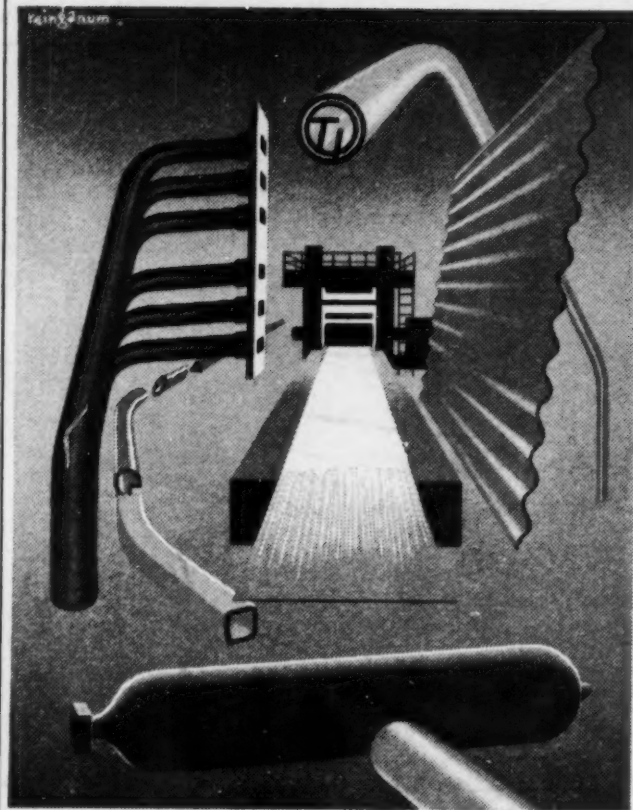
What a grand glass of beer! Soft creamy head and clear, amber brilliance to the last drop. Refreshing even to look at, but how much better to drink!

Whitbread's Pale Ale is brewed with a skill that comes from long experience. Wherever you buy it—at the pub, the club, or from the off-licence to take home—you know you can rely on the quality and on its splendid condition.

It may cost you a copper or two more than some beers. But that, surely, is a small price to pay for the best. You will never be disappointed—



**when you ask for a
WHITBREAD**
the best of the light ales



TI out of context

points a revealing truth: today we live TI. When a housewife cooks, TI goes on a TI hot-plate. TI went to the top of Everest. Motorists drive TI. Champions cycle TI. Decorators paint TI.

Most modern constructional or engineering enterprise has a call on TI products. It may be TI's many shaped precision tubes, steel or wrought aluminium; it may be electrical fittings, machine tools, mechanical handling plant or rolling mills... but these TI parts will be vital to the efficient functioning of the whole.

Each of TI's many manufacturing companies has a mind and ideas of its own, but behind all of them are the combined skills and experiences of the many trades TI follow.



PEOPLE who come to us, come to *rely* on us because we believe that Life Assurance should be a programme for life, jointly planned between you and us. For every new responsibility, from the day you marry to the day you retire, we have a policy to suit, to safeguard and enrich you and yours.

For example there are policies

- to help you buy a house
- for your children's education
- for your own retirement

You will find them all fully explained in our free booklet 'Yours for Life'.

And that's
what we mean by
'Yours for Life'

**THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Head Office: 3 George Street, Edinburgh
London Office: 3 Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.4



Est. 1825

SL 1 CR 1

Is it clean?

Yes. He happens to be a
careful driver. And he doesn't

take any licence with his battery. He relies on a Crompton.
Originally known as the Young battery, and made by one of the
largest electrical firms in Great Britain, Crompton is the
standard battery with the **best Guarantee of all.**

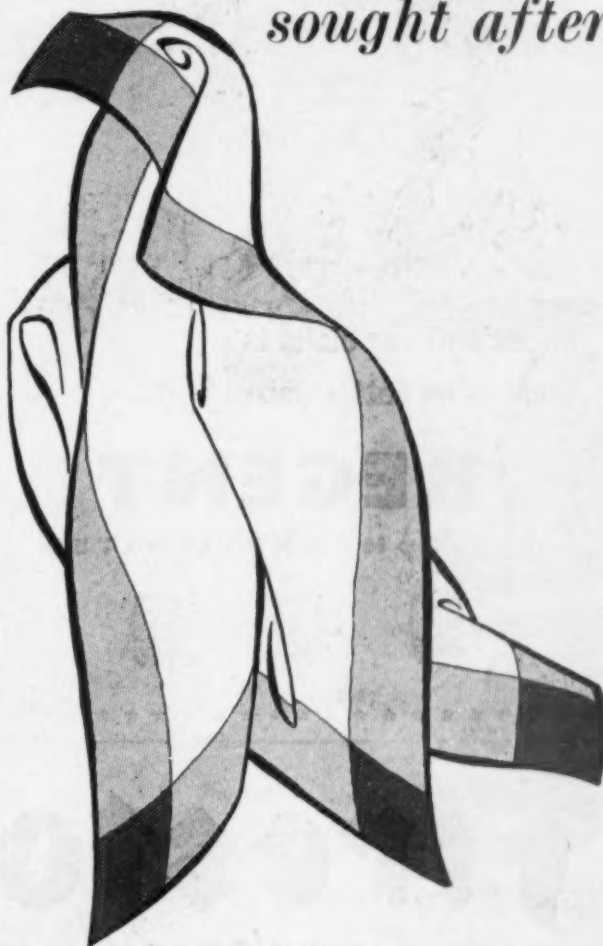
Ask your garage for a

Crompton
BATTERY



MADE BY CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD.

*Eagle-ly
sought after*



PYRAMID
TRADE MARK
HANDKERCHIEFS

PYRAMID handkerchiefs are soft finished ready
for immediate use. Men's fancy white or
colours 2/11: Initials 3/3: Plain white 2/6.
Women's fancy white or colours 1/9: Initials 2/-

Registered
Trade Mark

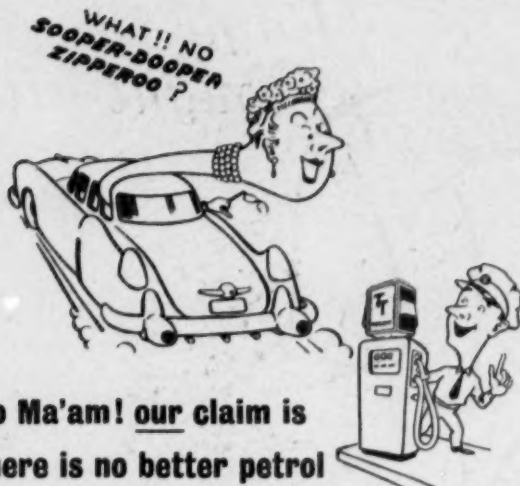


See label on every
handkerchief

A TOOTAL GUARANTEED PRODUCT

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1

★ ★



**No Ma'am! our claim is
there is no better petrol**

REGENT

OIL COMPANY LIMITED



C.2



Two's Company . . .

with **PLAYER'S**
Nº 3

The Quality Cigarette



[3P 121]

Firestone

★ Experience Counts-

Town & Country for winter motoring

Winter motoring requires rear wheel tyres which will grip in mud, slush, snow and rain and yet are smooth riding and quiet. The tyres specially designed to do both these jobs are **Firestone** Town & Country. They give you what you need *all the time*.

★ 26 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

**FOR REAR WHEELS • GRIP IN
MUD, SLUSH AND SNOW • NON-
SKID, SAFETY ON WET & GREASY
ROADS • SMOOTH RIDING & QUIET •
LONG, TROUBLE-FREE MILEAGE •
OF SPECIAL INTEREST ALSO TO VAN OWNERS.**

TUBELESS OR CONVENTIONAL

Firestone TYRES – consistently good



A RANGE TO MEET at the FORD STAND



Ford 5-Star motoring

Popular

Lowest-priced car in the world



Anglia

The family car that wins Rallies



Prefect

Four-door light car leader



Consul

The car for every occasion



Zephyr 6

World-renowned
for performance



Zodiac

Luxury without
extravagance



the best at lowest cost

STAND No 137
EARLS COURT



By Appointment
Motor Vehicle Manufacturers
to the late King George VI
Ford Motor Company Ltd.



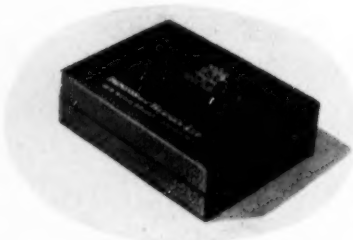
Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in red colour box, 100 for 22/6.

BENSON and HEDGES

*Christmas
Gift Packs*

There is always a very particular pleasure in selecting a gift which represents the best of its kind.

It is an established tradition with Benson and Hedges that only the finest of fine tobaccos and supreme care in the making can provide cigarettes worthy of occasions, such as Christmas, when only the best will do.



Benson and Hedges No. 5 Cigarettes in shaven finished box, 100 for 25/-, 200 for 50/-.



Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in Presentation packs 100 for 20/5 or 50 for 10/2½.



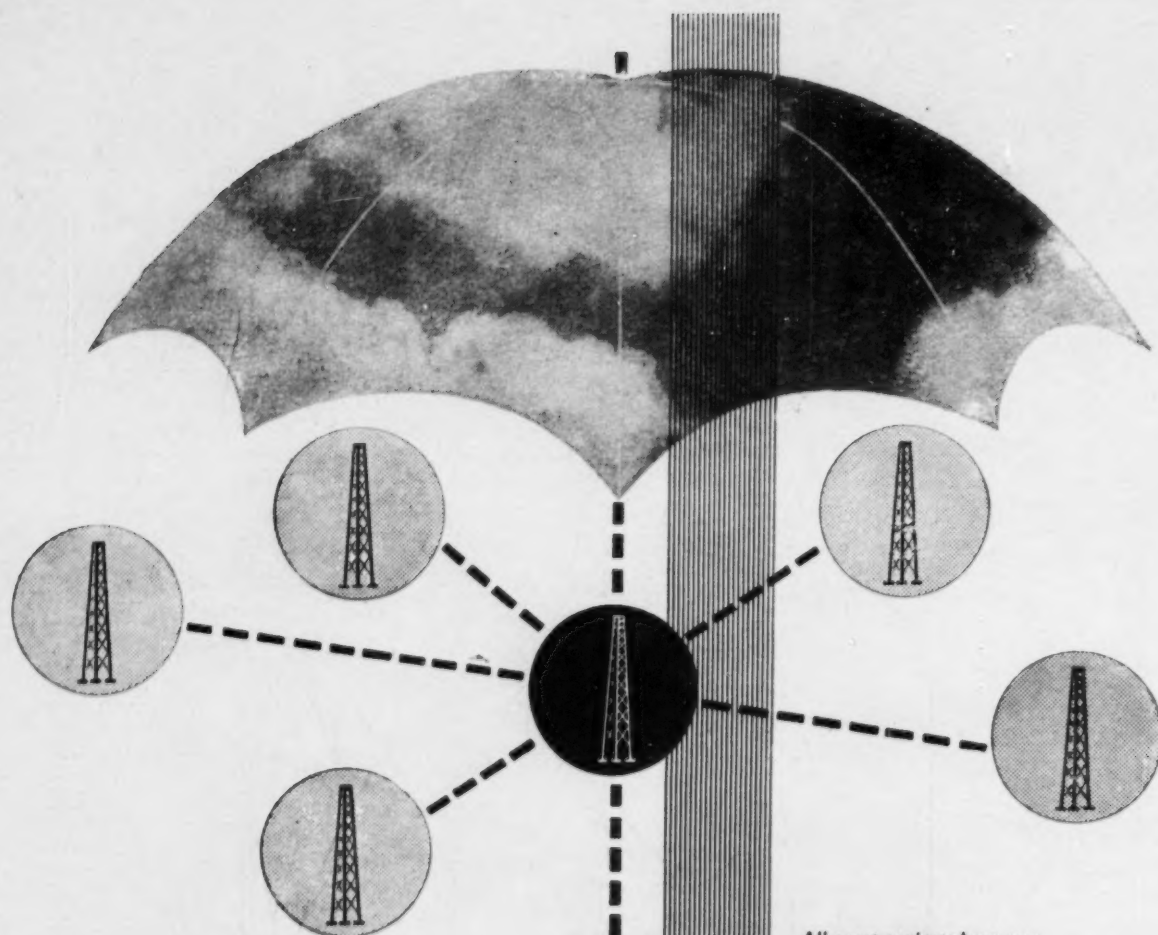
—and for all the year round Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in the famous red tin 20 for 4/1.

BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W

TGW



*"Do you think I might have a
little whisky instead: I should prefer
White Horse if you have it."*



Britain's
*
V.H.F. radio umbrella
relies on

Plessey

The Plessey Company Limited Ilford Essex

electronics · radio and television · mechanics · hydraulics
aircraft equipment

All great projects have one common ingredient—a bright idea. Take an idea, add the development skill of the trained engineer, shrewd design and economical quantity production and you have an end product that can fill a new public need or capture a market. That, in short, is the unique service that Plessey can offer to top management in industry or Government service, particularly in the field of electronics and telecommunications. If your next project is already in embryo form and awaits only the impetus of well informed development and production capacity—why not talk it over with Plessey?

*

The complex system of radio communications used by all civil aircraft landing or taking off from Britain's main air terminals, known as the "Area Coverage Scheme", relies on radio and line equipment produced by Plessey.



FOR British Transport," begins the introduction to the annual report of the Transport Commission, "the year 1953 was one of change and stress." At any rate, 1954 hasn't seen much change.

No Room at the Pull-in

DEPLORING the state of Britain's traffic a morning paper pointed out in its leading article that there are to-day five million, three hundred thousand motor-cars on our roads. And this doesn't include those given away in last week's newspaper competitions.

Touchy All Round

REPUBLICAN party organizers thought that Defence Secretary Wilson had scored an all-time low in political



blunders by likening America's unemployed to kennel-dogs—and infuriating the unemployed. Then Congressman Brownson likened waiters to the Truman administration—and infuriated the waiters; so perhaps Mr. Wilson was luckier than he knew in not infuriating the kennel-dogs.

At the Piano, Lester Piggott

HEADED, "Well, if *Your Pal* Turned out to be Hutton," Mr. Cecil Smith's thirty-three line review of a harpsichord recital used twenty-two lines to explain that he was once a fellow-student of the performer, Mr. Ralph Kirkpatrick. *Express* readers now await Mr. Kirkpatrick's coverage of the Test tour in Australia, headed "Scarlati Not Umpiring."

Don't Look Now

FIVE hundred or so security officers responsible for keeping an eye on Civil Servants doing secret work have been

refused admission to membership of any of the Civil Service unions. There is some apprehension, apparently, that with the security drive getting so well into its stride they might end up with a majority membership.

Half is Plenty

WHEN Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., asserted at a meeting that a law should be passed entitling a wife to a fair share of her husband's income, an all-male audience responded with hearty applause. It was a change to hear a woman agreeing that wives get too much.

Clean Fun

BOOKS "of particular interest to policemen" are sought by *The Police Review* for display at the Conference of the Police Federation of England and Wales. If these are wanted for leisure as opposed to duty reading, on the principle that a change is as good as a rest someone might dig out an unwanted copy of *Three Plays for Puritans*.

Grave Blow for Nature

CANDIDATES for admission to New Hall, Cambridge, the university's third foundation for women, sat for an



entrance examination of a new kind which was "designed as a test of logical thought." Those successfully passing the test will qualify as undergraduates—though not, of course, as women.

Don't Let's Be Beastly

MR. JUSTICE VAISEY's decision that Birmingham Corporation have no power to give free travel facilities to old people, and in doing so "seem to be attempting

to usurp the functions of the Legislature," coincided unfortunately with a news item from Germany, which told how a kindly Hanover lady had paid a swallow's air passage to Cairo because it had been too ill to join the seasonal migration. Many people are going to ask what truth there is in these raked-up stories of German pitilessness.

Shadow-Show

ONE reason given, in the B.B.C.'s annual report, for the decline in number of listeners to the sound programmes is



"the gradual return to peace-time social life." This is taken to mean the practice of inviting a few friends round to sit in the dark.

Hoax?

AMERICA is rich in nation-wide sensations just now, not least among them the disclosure that thousands of monkeys are being imported into the country for upward transmission into the stratosphere, wearing electrical equipment to record or transmit their experiences. There is some doubt about the truth of this story, however, and one of these animals may soon be appearing in tears on television, confessing that he has not actually been off the ground.

Smart Turn-out

No effort is being spared to make the modern British Army the best-equipped and most efficiently run in the world. The new webbing-cleaner, announced by Brigadier Maclean to a hushed and attentive House of Commons, "has a number of advantages over blanco": for one thing, it can be applied so speedily that a man could do

the whole of his kit between the time the alarm went for an atomic raid and the actual falling of the first bomb.

Lot of Nonsense

WHEN Mr. Nehru stepped from his aircraft at Rangoon, it is reported, the crowd gathered to welcome him was so dense that he was obliged to belabour them with a small baton in order to open up a passage. This is obviously the way to deal with the grinning reception committee which lines up to greet any airborne celebrity nowadays, and it is



understood that B.O.A.C. plan to supply V.I.P.s with small batons in future. Press photographers, if they aren't struck down first, will be alert for shots of bruised and prostrate Under-Secretaries as returning Ministers battle to the waiting car.

Pass the Salted Nuts

CROWING over the failure of a Paris fashion-show to attract guests more distinguished than "a duchess or two, a vicomte here and there, and, of course, a marquise," the *Daily Mail's* diarist recalls that a London show managed to draw "the Duchess of Kent, Lady Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft" and others. However, they both managed to hook the *Daily Mail's* diarist.

Beating the Whistle

CAREFUL planning must be conceded in the case of the two women who escaped from Holloway one afternoon by walking through the gates in workmen's overalls. Half an hour later, the sight of anyone in workmen's overalls would have caused general curiosity.

St. George for Eden

I ONLY sought the one reward—
A Western Europe in accord;

Yet now my joy is copious
To have the Monarch of our land
Bestow on me with gracious hand
A stall beside Sir Winston's and
The King of Ethiopia's.

STRIKE BACKGROUND

REPORTER: I am doing a story about this candlestick-makers' strike and would be grateful if you could clear up a few points for me. First, it is an official strike, isn't it?

MINISTRY OF LABOUR INFORMATION OFFICER: Well, it's a bit complicated. Let me explain. When it started three months ago it was unofficial; the men walked out against the advice of their union.

REPORTER: They must have had a strong sense of grievance. What was the real trouble in the candlestick-makers' factory?

OFFICER: Well, actually there was no trouble in their own factory. They came out in sympathy with the nearby wigwam-makers. They were having a dispute over a new man just taken on.

REPORTER: A non-union man?

OFFICER: No, very strong trade unionist, but he belonged to the wrong union. He was a member of the Associated Wigwam-makers and everyone else at the factory belonged to the Amalgamated Wigwam-makers.

REPORTER: I see. The old closed shop principle. And these wigwam-makers are still on strike, are they?

OFFICER: No, no. That was settled immediately. By chance the next day the new man emigrated. So all the other wigwam-workers went back.

REPORTER: But not the candlestick-makers?

OFFICER: No. They had another grievance about whether a shop steward

should be allowed an extra tea break if he addresses a meeting during his normal tea break. As they were on strike they thought they might as well stay out until that was settled as well.

REPORTER: And was it?

OFFICER: Yes. The employers negotiated with the unofficial strike leaders and they evolved a compromise. The unofficial strike leaders ordered the men back. But the trouble was that the official union leaders had not been consulted about this new shop steward agreement. So they called an official strike in protest. Fortunately the unofficial leaders advised their followers not to obey the strike call. For a while work at the factory went on with only the union leaders on strike.

REPORTER: So the factory was working again. What happened then?

OFFICER: Well, the difficulty was that with all the union officials on strike there was no one to sit on the worker-management conciliation committees. Finally the unofficial leaders appointed new members. But they only appointed two representatives from the bottom-welders. The bottom-welders thought they should have three, and struck.

REPORTER: So work at the factory stopped again?

OFFICER: Yes. And that is the position now. The union leaders are officially on strike, most of the workers are willing to work but are locked out by the bottom-welders who are on an unofficial strike against the unofficial leaders.

REPORTER: I see. And what is the employers' attitude?

OFFICER: The employers won't negotiate with the official leaders while they are on strike; they claim that would be negotiating under duress. There is not much point in negotiating with the unofficial leaders as there is no dispute with them. And they refuse to talk with the bottom-welders as they claim the men have broken the agreement the employers made with the unofficial leaders.

REPORTER: What is the attitude of the T.U.C. leaders?

OFFICER: They say it is a Communist plot.

REPORTER: This is very interesting. It is nice to have the background right.

K. M.



THE FORLORN SHEPHERD



Unaccustomed as They Are

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is easy to underestimate the politician, especially since television began to bring him into our homes. But it is a mistake to suppose him an ordinary fellow like ourselves, whom chance, influence and a glib tongue have thrown into national eminence.

Recent Government changes serve as a timely reminder of the profession's wide and varied demands. Consider Sir David Eccles. Only a few short days ago he was giving rulings on whether chrysanthemums or Michaelmas daisies should greet the Emperor

of Ethiopia from Whitehall's window-boxes; then, suddenly, a telephone call, and he is sitting at Miss Horsbrugh's ink-stained desk up to the ankles in school milk. In his brain a shutter has fallen on all problems of plasterboard supplies and traffic regulations in the Royal Parks, and a new compartment is opened, seemingly ready stuffed with the nursery school shortage and selected subsections of the Teachers' Superannuation Acts. Does he stagger under these new and unexpected responsibilities? Not a bit of it. Does he even feel a pang at abandoning all those old papers about

Ancient Monuments and the upkeep of Brompton cemetery? Not a bit of that either. Let young Nigel Birch get on with it—and handle that gaggle of Mithras archaeologists too.

Any ordinary man, faced with a twelve-hour ultimatum to quit his employment as a cowman or cinema projectionist and switch to waste heat recovery or deep-sea fishing, might look a little blank. Not so the politician. Popping the soda mints and throat spray into his portfolio he bids his staff good day and takes the first cab. When Sir David Maxwell Fyfe glides from the Home Office towards the Woolsack and the Viscounty of Kilmuir he leaves behind him on the files the speech about Civil Defence which has held spellbound such critical audiences as the Chartered Insurance Institute, Birmingham Corporation and the National Diamond Jubilee Conference of Parish Councillors; it is done with, finished; the new Lord Chancellor is now appointing deputy chairmen of Quarter Sessions, exercising his powers in relation to lunatics, and securing, if time allows, the Royal Assent to Bills.

This same flexibility of intellect is to be discerned in Mr. Heathcoat Amory, hitherto under the impression that his day was fully taken up at the Ministry of Agriculture but now unblinkingly extending his field of operations to embrace the nation's meal-table in every shape and form; for Major Lloyd-George has disappeared up to the ears in problems of population dispersal under atomic attack, leaving Heathcoat Amory in full sovereignty over not only the whispering-fish advertisements and periodic bulletins about the hill cow subsidy on in-calf heifers but the whole machinery of cooking-fat distribution, strategic control of canned fruit, and the veterinary examination of horses arriving from Ireland.

Take, again, the uncanny adaptability of Mr. Harold Macmillan. It seems not five minutes ago that he was bestowing diplomas for the best-designed local authority housing estate, and confirming the Exmoor National Park (Designation) Order; what would his reaction have been if those activities had been interrupted by the word "Cincaireast-lant," suddenly hissed in his ear?



Negative, no doubt. Yet to-day he knows, as any Minister of Defence must know, that CINCAIREASTLANT is none other than Air Marshal Sir John Boothman, Commander-in-Chief Eastern Atlantic Area, and a man seriously to be borne in mind next time Mr. Macmillan is arranging a NATO maritime exercise—though not to be confused with CINCEASTLANT, who is, of course, none other than Admiral Sir Michael Denny.

These exhibitions of executive versatility are too many and too dazzling to contemplate in full. Why, the mere transference of Major Lloyd-George from the sphere of animal feeding-stuffs to that of bastardy legislation is blinding in its boldness: who but an administrative giant could calmly discipline an Area Egg Officer one day and reprove a murderer the next? Consider briefly the case of Mr. Duncan Sandys. Here is a man who has at his finger-tips all the essential distinctions between a thermal fission reactor and a vertical take-off flying machine, only to be plucked up without warning and planked down in the still warm seat of Mr. Macmillan—with a delegation from the Ballast, Sand and Allied Trades Association already in the ante-room clamouring for a decision in the matter of worked-out gravel pits. Or look at Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Without a shred of misgiving he drops into Mr. Anthony Nutting's eager young lap the well-thumbed maps of the world's trouble spots from Berlin to the Buraimi Oasis, and is at once mugging up a speech to the Society of British Aircraft Constructors on the need to increase engine thrust as we move into the supersonic speed ranges.

How can the ordinary man help but admire? And if his admiration is tinged faintly with sadness, at the thought that these men, now so industriously stuffing their heads with new facts and figures, policies and procedures, may only have to unstuff them again at the drop of a Prime Ministerial (or even a national) hat, he can rest assured that the men themselves have no regrets. They will serve us faithfully, keeping the great machine of government smoothly in motion, giving us the same effortless stream of shortages, anomalies, bromides, platitudes, industrial disputes, international crises and entertaining half-hours round our television screen.



Nobody Hunts Witches

(Hallowe'en 1954)

WE are for the sweep of the wide
night skies,

Bursting in a moment from the
darkened room,

The speed of the whistle of the wind on
thighs

Sitting up astraddle on a big, bare
broom.

But nobody hunts us witches now;

Nobody grudges us the streaming
stars;

Nobody worries with gravitation,

Being briefed in planetary navigation

And flying saucers and men from
Mars.

We are for the high, unlikely places,

The wind in the wood and the wailing
note

Of pipe and tympani, the solemn paces
Of eleven ladies and a dancing goat.

But nobody hurts us witches now;

Nobody cavils at a coven's way:

They have all been exercised in self-
expression,

In the Cinerama and the be-bop session

And the mass emotion of a later
day.

We are for managing to make things die,
The bantam's blood upon the barn-
yard door,

The emptied furrow and the storm-
filled sky,

The dried-up water and the unhealed
sore.

But nobody hunts us witches now,

Nobody minds what spells one casts:

They have all gone gunning for new
oppressors,

The business bosses and the pink
professors

And the famous physicists with
foolish pasts.

We are for the primal, personal sins,

The private probings on the single
track,

The furry familiar, the jabbed-in pins,
The small-scale errands for the man

in black.

But nobody hunts us witches now;

Nobody bothers us with bell and ban:

Nobody nowadays seems to heed us,
Us or the church that would supersede

us,

Both of us being for the single man.

P. M. HUBBARD



"I Know a Bank . . ."

By G. W. STONIER

AMBIVALENT is one of those cloak words I've always wanted to flourish, and now is my chance: my feelings, as I pay a weekly visit to the bank, are richly ambivalent.

Ahead through frost-glass they leap to the counter mercantile with bags, shovels, scales, note packs, thumb sponges. They scour behind—who is near, who has followed?

For while my immediate object may be, in a citizenly fashion, to draw just so much or so little as will support life, it is my ambition—heigh-ho!—to rob a bank.

Not to-day perhaps, or to-morrow, but there it is.

My guilt, like some rare bulb one hesitates to bring out of the airing-cupboard, I tend fearfully. It has grown with me, large and unsatisfied. Every morning I look in the paper to see if there's news. Not one strong room entered, one safe blown or snatched off? But maybe the placards will flare later. On the stroke of ten I reflect "They're open," at three, "Closing time." Late at night I'll go for a walk, passing banks asleep in the moonlight (yet who knows what immaculate stranger may lurk within?), and here's one ablaze with lights: the yearly accountancy, no doubt, though again such brilliance may denote a master-hand.

Do I betray these preoccupations as, at 11.43 a.m. (always noting the clock), I open the swing door? I am nervous. I have pushed the side marked "Pull," and inside an old gentleman starts back, outraged.

A shopkeeper is smacking down copper, while a lady with a currency problem and a pheasant feather tries to wobble her way through regulations. One's first mad reflex—to step up and order a pint—is immediately checked by a sense of the funeral parlour, with one's hat on. Low voices, quiet coats, polished wood, opaque glass—all seem to betoken distant loss; but here it's the language of gain. Everything is solid, fatherly, and devotional. The manager

radiates golf and confidence; the under-manager fancies cars; the clerk dries our bedraggled coats with his smile.

It's a long, long time since a bank went bust. You might as well try running on one as look round for the spittoon or demand a sovereign-case.

Surreptitiously, behind one of the counter screens, I take out my cheque-book and begin to write.

One fine morning, in a saloon snug, I shall sit face to face with a black-hatted stranger, and he'll whisper "I know a bank . . ."

Where? Not where the wild thyme blows.

Two amazed van-men will have no option but to hand over £40,000 and watch our quick getaway.

Or—three or four of us well rehearsed—we shall wander independently into the bank just before closing time, and while we're bending over our cheque-books, guns will be drawn, masks adjusted, stations taken up. It will be found that the electrician at work that morning has disconnected alarms.

Or we'll make a week-end of it, do a Monte Cristo, starting from the floor of the wool and hosiery shop next door and tunnelling through to the strong room itself. This I quite fancy, together with

well-stocked hampers and a couple of dozen bottles of Burgundy, an electric fire in case the weather turns cold.

Other well-known gambits are the Feint (swoop on the bank opposite, local visit of film-star); the Big Parade, in which coppers, by-standers, buses, palpitant girls, and the one-legged sailor at his usual post offering kettle-holders, are all part of the show—if by such means we could snatch documents from under Nazi noses in Norway, why not here? Mass Hypnosis (exciting accounts from Alberta); the Corrupt Employee—get him to write a novel, and give it a double-spread in the *Observer* . . .

"How would you like it, sir?"

"Just hand over."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Er—that's to say, in ones, and two ten-shillings."

Oh, money, money, money!

Better, of course, are the plans requiring no partner. You start life in a bank and work your way up: it should be easy to judge at what stage to make your *coup* and catch that plane to Brazil. But failing that, and requiring less application, there's much to be said for the Early Tap: you watch the first employee in and enter a moment later (having learnt the signal); one by one as the others arrive they are motioned to join the row of seated employees; last the manager; he will bluster a bit, but he'll deliver; then, with your brief-case full, you quietly walk out, saying to an impatient customer in the street, "Open any time now."

Squawking, the feathered lady has turned tail. There's some chat along the counter of Christmas. It's now 11.47. The manager pops his head out and smiles. (But if he knew . . .?) My poor few notes are stripped off so many. I hide them away. On the pavement I feel my knees going weak; and remember that famous American crackman who could never pass a bank—like a desirable woman—without trembling.

One day I shall—I must . . .

My unimpeachable Plan may need money, which naturally I shall borrow from the bank.





Belated Oscar Award

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ONE or two elder statesmen of our conurbation by the Thames this week took the view that something terrible may be expected to happen to the London County Council almost any day now.

A member of the Town and Country Planning Committee recently prophesied, vigorously if obscurely, at a private meeting of that body, that if the decision were finally taken to put up a plaque to Oscar Wilde in Tite Street "the sins of the man Wilde will be visited upon the heads of the Town and Country Planning Committee."

However, the majority gallantly faced the risk, and there the plaque is—though, of course, it was immediately defaced during the night: probably, it is thought, by some very old man who got into bad habits when he was a boy and was taken to paint some Epstein statues green.

Apart from this the plaque situation is at the moment disturbed by nothing worse than the squalls which necessarily accompany any lively cultural and social event, such as I do think old Thingummy ought to have had a look in, but, of course, one knows why *he* wasn't asked, and Why Compton Mackenzie, actually? and Naturally I didn't *mind* sitting at the back at the Savoy lunch, although when I saw . . .

One observer, his shoulder high-piled with chips, complained in the *Daily Telegraph* that the unveiling ceremony was "dull." One wonders what, exactly, he had come out for to see; possibly a re-enactment of the saturnalia which followed the original conviction at the Old Bailey when women of the town danced in the street, yelling.

Nothing of that kind, one is glad to say, was witnessed in Tite Street, where, as *The Times* reported, there were more distinguished persons rubbing shoulders that day than you would be likely to see in any street of London.

Admittedly, we had all turned up a bit late—the man whose genius and

wit we had come to celebrate had died in ruin and exile long ago, and his possessions, including even his children's toy soldiers, had been virtually looted from this very house by a rigged auction.

One of the children who lost his toys, Mr. Vyvyan Holland, was there on the pavement the other day at the ceremony. He had been asked to speak, but declined: and one felt that if ever a man had emotional grounds for speechlessness, he had.



Near him one discerned the saurian, indestructible figure of Mr. Gerald Hamilton, one of the oldest friends of Lord Alfred Douglas, and now taking the opportunity to insist for the one hundred and eleventh time that he is not the original of the Mr. Norris who changed trains. He was also protesting in Edwardian accents against the fact that the flag covering the plaque before the unveiling was a small Union Jack, and not the flag of the Irish Republic. ("Well no, but really my dear fellow, an

abominable piece of impertinence.") As an Irish passport holder of fairly long standing Mr. Hamilton was intelligibly outraged. And, of course, his connections with Ireland have been long and varied—one recalls the occasion, in 1941 or thereabouts, when under the ægis of the Papal Nuncio or the Spanish Embassy or some similar organization he sought to escape to Ireland disguised as a nun so as to negotiate here and there and stop the World War.

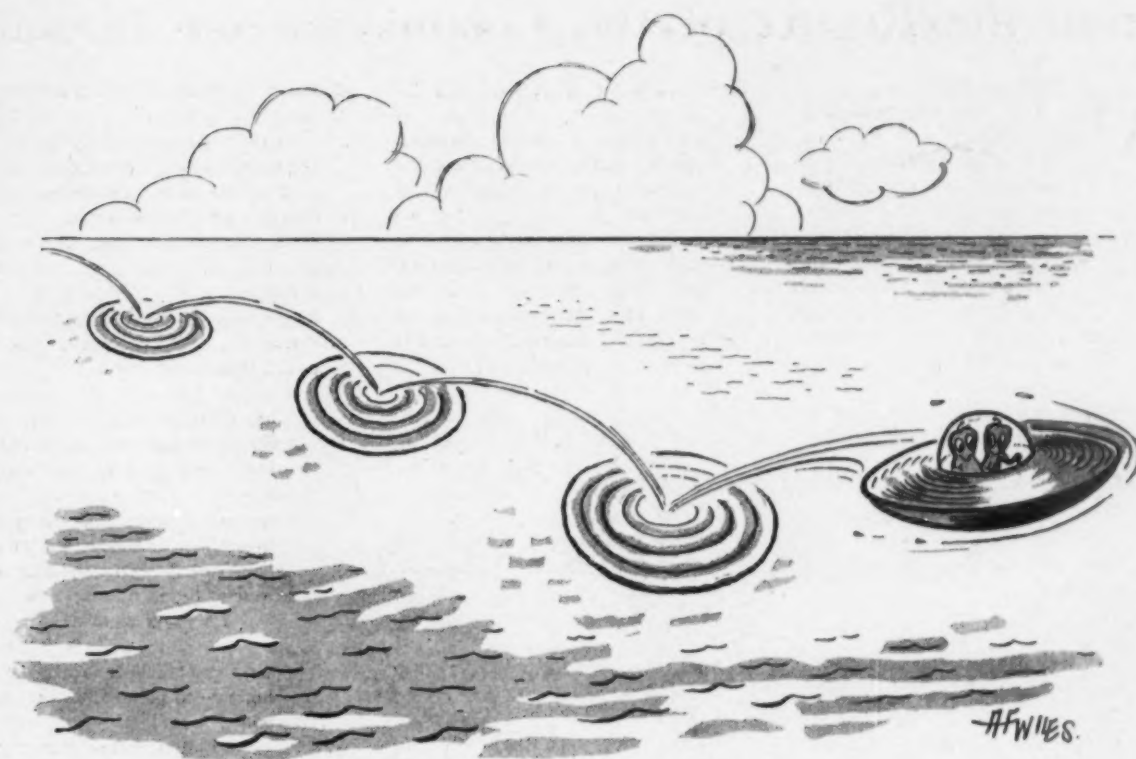
The man with the chips on his shoulder said angrily that Sir Compton Mackenzie made his unveiling speech as though it were a Proclamation. Which seemed, really, quite a good thing to do, as it was a Proclamation: a proclamation that we wanted to tell the world that we are nicer people than we used to be, that we are pro-wit, and that we do not intend ever to be so horrible to great dramatists and wits again.

And furthermore that if we are more witty and understanding than we used to be, quite a lot of our qualities are the result—direct or indirect—of that man Wilde.

We all very much hoped that was so, and our enthusiasm was infectious enough to bring bursts of applause from scores of children who were enjoying the gold chains of the Mayor of Chelsea, and two girls on a balcony who looked like Marilyn Monroe and were enjoying that.

Indeed, enthusiasm for the freedom, tolerance, and appreciation of beauty which we now have was such that there seemed to loom, just for a moment, the danger that some of us might take it all a little too literally and do something we might later regret, like publishing a beautiful book and trying to sell it in Swindon.

There had, in fact, been the usual row on this point before the ceremony took place. Some people thought the opportunity should be taken to denounce some recent goings-on on the literary front, and urged Sir Compton to lash out in that direction. Others said that we were here to think and talk about



Oscar Wilde, and that this was no time or place to involve the illustrious dead in yet another shindy. Mr. Holland, I was told, had supported the latter view—reasonably, it seems to me: after all, it was his father to whose greatness we were paying this Johnny-come-lately tribute.

Probably the entire affair would never have happened at all had it not been for the long-term—and I mean long-term—activities of a Mr. and Mrs. Eric Barton.

Twenty or so years ago this Mr. Barton—now a forty-fiveish bookseller at Richmond Hill—used to go about Chelsea saying to himself that something ought to be done about Oscar Wilde. Something like putting up a plaque.

A few years later a beautiful fifteen-year-old Franco-Russian girl at Richmond Hill read books, was fascinated and appalled by the classic tragedy of Oscar Wilde, and decided something ought to be done about it. At least there ought to be a plaque, if that was the best we could do.

Presently this community of interest

brought them together, and they got married, and they said that the next thing was to do something for the memory of Oscar Wilde, and in Chelsea Week 1949 they wrote to *The Times* saying the Borough Council of Chelsea ought to put up a plaque.

What they got by way of response was an anonymous letter of obscene abuse and a 2s. book of stamps from a girl who said if there was going to be a campaign she wanted to contribute this to the campaign funds, because it was all the cash she had.

From then on, the Bartons—with time off to raise a family and a business—toiled away, and pushed the issue into the Town and Country Planning Committee (where it apparently belongs), and on the night of October 15 this year there was the plaque.

Even then there were alarms. The men who put up the plaque had not understood that it had to be covered up for the night before the ceremony. Noticing this, vigilant Mr. Barton tried, in the dark, to climb a ladder above the area in Tite Street, and do the reverend thing.

No athlete he, he failed. Nobody could think what to do until Mrs. Barton found an Irish garage-man in the neighbourhood and explained to him that someone had to climb up there and put a cloth over the plaque.

He seemed nearly indifferent until he learned that the man on the plaque—whoever else he might be—was an Irishman, whereupon he climbed with a will, covered it expertly, and refused payment for the job.

"He was Irish, don't you understand me now," he said, rejecting the money.

Owing to the action of this anonymous patriot things went off splendidly on the day, and satisfied celebrants moved on to the Savoy Hotel, where they parked their guilt-complexes in the cloak-room and had a refreshing glass or two of champagne.

"Dr. Bronowski disclosed that he and his colleagues had been working on a new type of fuel, as yet unnamed. He described it as 'a sort of coke, although it does not even look like coke,' and said it could be lit with paper and sticks."—*The Scotsman*

Obviously not coal.

From the Report of the Commission on Jargon

BASIC EVIDENCE

A PART from the numerous and eager witnesses who were or said they were experts on the jargon of a particular group or activity, the Commission was gratified—in every instance, prematurely—to hear from one or two whose evidence seemed to be basic, and important to the consideration of the subject as a whole. Of these the most pretentious was Professor Sedentary, who claimed to be able to express in a formula the period of time that had to elapse before a particular word or phrase of jargon could pass inoffensively into everyday speech and writing.

Q. You think there is a fixed temporal relation between the principles governing everyday speech and those governing specialized terminology?

A. That's what I said.

Q. Indeed it isn't. You said—

A. Well, it's what I meant anyway. You put it in different jargon, that's all.

Q. What is your formula?

A. It will not be easy to explain to persons unaccustomed—

Q. Do your best, please.

A. I shall have to use jargon.

Q. My dear sir, we lap it up.

By RICHARD MALLETT

A. Well—where F is the relative frequency of occurrence of a word or phrase in everyday speech—

Q. Or writing?

A. Or writing—calculated like the cost-of-living index, on the basis of "the" being 100—and R is the relative rarity or unusualness of the special activity concerned, calculated in the same way—

Q. What equals 100 for that?

A. Breathing, of course—only it equals 1, not 100—and N is the number of times per week that situations resembling those of the special activity touch the life of the average person, then RN over F gives you the number of years that must elapse before the word or phrase may be used without offence, in ordinary speech, with the particular meaning that attaches to it in the special activity.

Q. Is that so?

A. Similarly, for any given word or phrase, taking Y as that number of years, then Y multiplied by one thousand gives you its jargon content in international units.

Q. What of?

A. Offensiveness.

Questioned by a member of the Commission about newly-coined words or phrases for which the term "F" could only be a minus quantity, the witness observed regretfully that this was where what was called taste came in.

Q. You prefer to take no account at all of taste?

A. Ah, I'm working on it now. Much annoyance is caused by persons claiming to possess taste. I expect to have a formula for measuring it soon. That'll fix them.

At a later hearing, mostly concerned with other matters, a witness who said he had once been a lecturer in aesthetics at the

University of Redbrick did make this very claim.

Q. How do you exercise this taste?

A. It is instinctive. I was born with it. Some of us are just lucky.

Q. But how do you exercise it?

A. Well, take an example. Name a subject.

Q. A subject?

A. Any subject, as it might be chemistry. My example there would be catalyst.

Q. It would?

A. A very good example—I'm glad you suggested that. Now a lot of people object to that as jargon.

Q. Used—

A. Used in ordinary speech or writing, when people say George acts as a catalyst in our little group on the 8.37, or—as he does, mind you. I won't hear a word against George.

Q. No, no.

A. Wouldn't get on nearly so well without him.

Q. Agreed. We will take your word for—

A. One in a million, George. Absolute catalyst, I always say.

Q. Yes.

A. Well, there you are. Perfectly good word, sums up exactly what George is on the 8.37. Makes the rest of us combine. I say there's nothing wrong with that word. It's a question of taste. You've either got it or you haven't got it.

Q. And you've got it?

A. I wouldn't want to boast, of course. But you can tell, can't you?

Q. How can we tell?

A. Well, I mean anyone with taste could.

This session unfortunately ended in uproar.

Any Plans for Tinker Bell?

Miss Barbara Kelly of Television's "What's My Line?" is to be this year's Peter Pan.

FROM parlour game to West End fame

May set the critics snarling:
But rather Barbara's Peter Pan
Than Gilbert's Mr. Darling.

J. B. B.



Pluto's Meet

By WARREN CHETHAM-STRODE



I FIRST met Pluto two years ago, while I was uprooting thistles in my field. He came out of a hedge, his ears dangling, his reddish-brown coat stained with mud, and sat on his haunches staring at me. With his tongue lolling out and his eyes slightly protruding, I thought he had run straight off the screen of the local cinema. Much later I discovered that he was owned by the groundsman at the tennis club, and was the offspring of a collie and a poodle.

Now in our part of the world people hunt. I don't myself, but am well acquainted with the jargon. For instance I have bought the Master half a pint of stirrup cup at the Meet, and have muttered "Gone away" when the Hunt moves off, though strictly speaking I think that expression usually refers to the fox. Anyway, I return to my cottage feeling the English countryside in my bones. And I don't mean arthritis.

In case you don't happen to live in a hunting shire, I can tell you that before the season starts hounds are taken out

for walks. This is called road work. One man on a rusty bicycle rides in front, and another behind, and hounds pad along in the middle, noses to tail, noses to back wheel, noses in all sorts of places. It is a splendid sight, and, with the exception of the rusty bicycles, tallies with two sporting prints which hang in my hall.

This hound-walking is done, I understand, so that the Master can say to the Huntsman: "Are hounds fit, Horace?"

To which Horace the Huntsman replies: "All except Bella, sir. She's got a touch of ringworm."

I know all this, because I listen very carefully to things that are said at the Meet.

Every hound, of course, has a name. Naturally you will recollect that John Peel called four of his Ranter, Ringwood, Bellman and 'Truc. Personally I have my own names for ours, and can pick them out as they come slobbering past my gate on road work. There is of course dear old Ringworm, and then there's Roger Bannister, who has a fine

easy stride. Then comes Oh-My-Poor-Foot, always a trifle lame, and Laughing Water who keeps stopping. Hereby-Hangs-a-Tail is rather sad-looking, but he has a cheerful friend called Bad Breath. Two rather smelly old hounds I call Rancid and Rolled-In-Something. But a fine pack indeed, and English to the hackles.

It must have been about ten o'clock in the morning, I suppose, when a few weeks ago I heard Horace's voice shouting "Come out of that dustbin, Boxer, you—" though I forget the rest, probably some huntsman's term. I looked up from clipping the hedge to see Horace back-peddalling and touching his cap to me.

"Hounds fit?" I inquired, knowing the right questions.

"Too fit for my liking," replied Horace, cracking his whip over Boxer's ear and then disentangling his front wheel from between the forepaws of old Rancid... And then it suddenly happened.

The leading couple leapt the fence into my field, one of them baying like



a Baskerville, to be followed by the whole pack, streaking in full cry towards the horizon. I threw down my shears, so as to be ready with my VIEW HALLOA (caps for loud) as soon as I saw the fox. Horace was shouting at hounds, his assistant was shouting at his bicycle off which he had been knocked by hounds, and hounds were careering madly and baying ecstatically two fields but one away. But nowhere could I see Reynard (fancy word for fox).

And then, going all out along the road towards the tennis club, I saw him. A streak of red, with ears flopping, and leading Roger Bannister by fifty yards. It was Pluto.

For the honour of the Hunt, even though I am not a member, something had to be done, and swiftly. I ran to my car and wound the handle, which was quicker than the usual procedure of getting the gardener to push it. Passing Horace half a mile up the road I ordered

him (how dare I, a civilian?—but never mind) to stay where he was and call hounds in. I would go on to the tennis club and call hounds out.

When I got there four and a half couple were in the shed nosing under tennis nets, and one was mouthing an old ball. The rest of the pack had bypassed the club, not being members, I suppose, and were hot on a new scent towards the town. I wound the handle again and drove on with Boxer, who somehow had got in at the back.

At the bridge a small boy, sensing I was a sportsman, yelled out: "Two of 'em are in the station. Rest of 'em's gone down 'Igh Street!"

I decided to disregard those who had gone to the station. After all, hounds are intelligent creatures, and they knew their locality. They could easily get a train back to Kennels, changing at Hither Halt. But hounds in High Street were a danger to traffic, so in with the

clutch, if it will go, and on. "No, no, Boxer! Take your paws off my shoulders and stop slobbering down my neck. Down, sir!"

But it was a warming sight, as I pulled up outside the butcher's, to see so many animal lovers making way for Rancid and Rolled-In-Something, as the kindly butcher himself threw them lumps of lights. On the other side of the street the vicar's wife, who is reputed to be anti-all blood sports, was endeavouring to entice Oh-My-Poor-Feet and Bad Breath into Ye Olde Worlde Bunne Shoppe, with the intention, presumably, of curing them of their lust for fox meat. Laughing Water had stopped at the chemists on business of his own, and Ringworm and Hereby-Hangs-A-Tail were being given sweeties out of a bag by two little girls, who called them "dear doggies." London children, I imagine, down for a holiday.

I drove slowly home with hounds following, to find that Horace, poor chap, had had a puncture. He was almost in tears.

"I'll never live down the disgrace, sir," he kept saying.

"Everyone gets punctures," I remarked cheerfully.

"Letting hounds out of control," he corrected.

"But it wasn't your fault," I said, "it was Pluto's." I stopped at the tennis club and asked the groundsman if he had seen his dog.

"Under my bed asleep," he replied; "reckon he's been out courting."

It was outside my own gate that the idea came to me.

"Horace," I began, glowing inwardly with benevolence, "supposing I tell everyone that I saw a fox?"

His face lit up like a full moon coming out from behind a cloud.

"Would you, sir? I'd be that grateful." He gave Rancid a sharp kick and pushed his bicycle homewards.

It was nice of the Master to ask me last week if I'd care to become an honorary member. But then, why not? I do know something about hounds.



Bouquet from the Beach

"The judge returned to Brentford county court from Barmouth Avenue, Perivale, and said: Mrs. Wildsmith certainly has a most attractive frontage."—*Daily Sketch*





An Idea that Paid

By HUGO CHARTERIS

IT'S nowadays assumed that unless you cut the wires between a racecourse and the London bookies, or back the dog which hasn't got an elastic band where it hurts, it's impossible to make a fortune at one stroke, with a good idea.

Of course this isn't true. Fortunes have been made fairly since the war and their birth can be traced to a single instant when necessity had quins. One such case I can relate.

A man I know in Shropshire used to write for the local paper of the birds he'd seen in his garden. The pay for this and a pittance from gilt-edged fed him till the late revolution.

In his crisis, unlike many of his kind, he did not go down standing to attention, but lashed out at once in what we must acknowledge an Olympic crawl. He dropped the warblers like the handle of a saucepan that has been in the oven. And he went for a walk along the rides

which had once provided his copy. He came home and, having written his last weekly round—the redwings, pausing on their long journey to “flutter characteristically round the berries of my cotoneaster”—he took it, instead of posting it, to his editor.

And he said to him “I hear the *Advertiser's* losing out to the national dailies.”

For an ornithologist of the Webb country this was on the ball. The editor swung a rueful head above the rival faces of his own brainchild and that of a nappy-sized organ which had fitted the outbreak of a war into the space between the arms, bust and toes of a girl touching them.

“What can you do?” he said miserably.

“What chance has the results of a vegetable show against that?”

“None,” said my friend. “But listen.”

* * * * *

It was so simple. A publisher friend

had told him that seventy thousand novel manuscripts were turned down yearly by publishers. This single statement (which he got confirmed) was the seed from which sprouted in his head as follows:

Not every year would the seventy thousand be by the same people. Failure would choke off the majority annually. And for every novel that was submitted there were probably ten that weren't submitted. So, if only one in ten were submitted and sixty of each year's seventy thousand were newcomers, then six hundred thousand novels were written yearly. In fifty years thirty million unpublished novels had accumulated—the buried silt of our sad times.

* * * * *

The *Advertiser* soon carried a large front-page announcement which also appeared, compressed, in the advertisement space of the bigger national dailies:

“A subscriber has offered a prize of



£1000 to the best and £500 to the worst novel ever not published in the last fifty years; £500 for the best and £200 for the worst short story ever not published . . . £25 for the best newspaper article . . . a gold whistle for the best and a Benares gong for the worst poem, etc. The winners to be serialized in the *ADVERTISER* and announced in *HORIZON* . . . The editor's decision binding.

**NO MANUSCRIPTS WILL
BE RETURNED."**

A few might have had this idea—at a time when paper pulp was worth a penny a pound—but how many would have had the confidence in it, to the extent of offering a thousand pounds for first prize? Very, very few. My friend told me the result long afterwards. He said:

"I shall never forget it. I was standing at the window where I had so often scanned the redwings for copy, feeling a sense of futility and regret that I had no longer any rich grandmother to touch for the prize money—when lo! Moreton's Edge (our horizon) became calibrated with transport.

"The whole first vehicle was just from one person—a woman in Victoria, London—a Miss O'Neill. In my emotion I put in my hand and took out three and a half pounds of paper in a folder, saying 'This shall be the first prize.'

"Later when the warehouses were going up I got a secretary to go through a few. She found several best sellers and a whole *avant-garde*.

"But the best sellers were a drop in the ocean. I've got a mill there now. Soon I'm going to Sweden for the Government on a newsprint commission. Next year we're going into publishing as a sideline: same method.

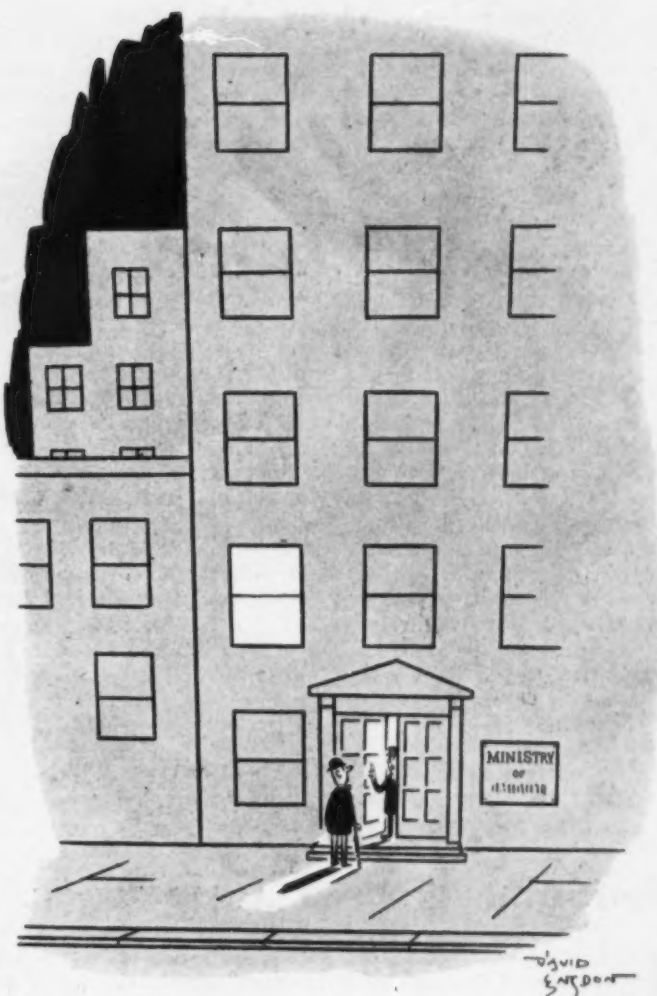
"I saw the *Advertiser* got priority stocks when the big dailies had to go back to four pages. They ran a strip-tease supplement and have done well. My redwing piece is back: a boxed splash on an inside page—the whole thing in Cheltenham Gothic 12 point.

"And so I feel as if I were back too."

"As we travel to Peking the one question uppermost in our minds is: Where do we go from here?"

Morgan Phillips writing in the *Daily Telegraph*

Peking, surely?



"Everyone's gone, I'm afraid, except the new Minister, busy swotting."

Portraits of Ancestors

WITH pessimism tempered by despair
The *Peerage* Editors in gorgeous prose
Lament that Breeding, under goodness knows
What weight of taxes, soon must disappear;
Lament in fact this blue and pop-eyed stare,
This oyster mouth, and this long sensitive nose
For looking down; the basic style that goes
Almost untampered-with from heir to heir.

Consider, though, their wives: 'trollops, grantees,
Daughters of Trade compounded for a debt,
And foreigners from anywhere on earth.
Can taxes smother what survived all these?
Take courage, *Burke* and *Kelly* and *Debrett*.
Take courage, Breeding, from your mongrel birth.
PETER DICKINSON



Caledonia, Here I Come

By LORD KINROSS

MINKY and slinky, well-shod, well-groomed, like long-legged thoroughbred mares, they go scampering each week into the unexplored depths of London. Far south of the river their hired cars carry them, into the Victorian wilds where the New Kent Road meets the Old, through the domains of red-brick workers' mansions and humble, black-brick bourgeois homes, right to the Troc-ette Cinema, S.E.1, and into the wide open spaces of the New Caledonian Market. Adventurous, incongruous amid the workers and idlers of this deep, suburban South, scorning to dress for bargains but expecting to get them and thinking they've got them, they are the aristocracy of the New World, come to buy, for their pleasure, what remains of the Old.

Ambassadors have preceded them, dealers in taste from New York and Chicago, Nebraska and Texas,

discerning locusts who swarm in season through the antique markets of London and Paris, Rome and Vienna, as Londoners and Parisians, Romans and Viennese, once swarmed through the bazaars of the Orient. Arbiters of fashion, they establish decrees by which junk yesterday becomes art to-day and junk once more to-morrow. Just after the war, says an arbiter, the smart thing in Nebraska was to be eighteenth-century English. Now, "if you want to go elegant you go Empire." Or you go modern and perhaps "throw in a Regency commode as an accessory." Devouring the warehouses of Peckham and Newington Butts, he leaves for the Old World little but papier mâché and Buhl, primitive materials which blister and crack in the highly civilized central-heating of the New.

Resourceful, as befits his race, the arbiter converts the old to new, progressive uses. He buys a Victorian

night commode: "Put a leather top on it. Use it for a coffee table." He buys a Victorian wash-stand: "Put a wash-bowl in it and plant it." Umbrella-stands and whip-stands plant up nicely. So do tea-caddies: "And you can keep cigarettes in them too." Soap dishes lend themselves to tasteful floral arrangements, especially the kind with a rack for tooth brushes. So do soup tureens, slop pails, and jelly moulds. The wash-stand jug will electrify easily: "Put it on the sideboard, with a shade on it—in its wash-bowl, if you like. Even if it's not elegant, it's different." These are all "conversation pieces": "Something to talk about at table. Something special. She can't just go down town and get one the same."

Vitrines are a fancy: "Glass tops, so liquor doesn't spoil them. And you can put most everything in them": snuff boxes, poker dice, "King Farouk's" paper-weights, babies' shoes,

glass balls off ships. Piano castors become ash-trays, a tie-press a book rest, a grandfather-clock a wardrobe. Georgian soup ladles, with shanks bent back, make handy ash-trays for club armchairs. Brass newspaper racks, among this cultured people, sell well; brass fenders for progressive, fireless grates. Brass cake-stands are suitable for trailing plants: "Or I might sell them as cake-stands." Chests of drawers, pitch-pine, at thirty shillings, sell at seventy-five dollars: "They strip down nicely, like . . . well, yes . . ."

Meanwhile, down in the market, the well-bred voices drawl softly through the Bermondsey midday hubbub. With gold dollars on their bracelets and gold rings in their ears, their bright nails manicured, their fine tresses curling, their long legs nylon-smooth, the ladies of the aristocracy crane long, white necks over the stalls. Politely jostling the mere English gentry in their duffels and jeans, and the tweeded Scandinavians in search of chinoiserie, they fill zip-fastening night-stop bags with Georgian pepper-pots, Waterford decanters, Japanese Dresden figures. One puts on a martingale, another lights a carriage lamp, a third fondles a set of porcelain bar handles.

"Isn't that enchanting?"

"No, see, it's been mended . . ."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"Oh, just hang it up some place . . ."

" . . . just a silver propelling pencil for my little French desk . . . just some hand-done beads . . . just an ink-pot, makes a nice paper-weight."

Regimental epaulettes frame up well, livery buttons look smart at the cuffs, you can fill a Crown Derby bowl with moth-proof potpourri.

"Do you have any tuxedo buttons? . . . Do you have satin-glass epergnes? . . . Do you have any old fairy lamps? . . . Do you have something special? . . ."

"I'd just *love* to have a pair of those darling dolphins from off the lamp-posts!"

Next morning, from their lodgings in Notting Hill, Fulham and Pimlico, young men in beards and young women in corduroys make an early start for the wrong end of the Portobello Road. Here, laid out on bedsteads, prams and hand-carts, lies the junk of the morning which will be the art of the afternoon. From among old boots, saucepans and bits of bicycles, they single out, for a shilling or two, a candlestick, an ornament, a porcelain plate.

Bringing it up in the world, to the right end, past the fish-net nylons, the Cox's pippins and the really nice young scarlets, morning gathered, they put it on a barrow and sell it for five shillings or ten, to a lady or gentleman with a shop even higher up in the world, in Marylebone, Belgravia or Chelsea. And

here, sure enough, in the afternoon, comes the arbiter of taste, to buy it for a pound or two, and carry it still higher, from the Old World up to the New, till at a hundred dollars or two it ends up in Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive. This is an age of progress.

Thus the Old World will soon have nothing left but TV sets and supersonic refrigerators—the junk of to-day which will be the art of to-morrow.

U.N.O What?

"Miss World" has been elected at a London Beauty Contest.

MISS WORLD elected! Does this global miss

Promise a state of universal bliss?

Smiling, she gives no hint of war's alarms.

We'll find, or bust, another use for arms. But doubts form in the mind—so more's the pity.

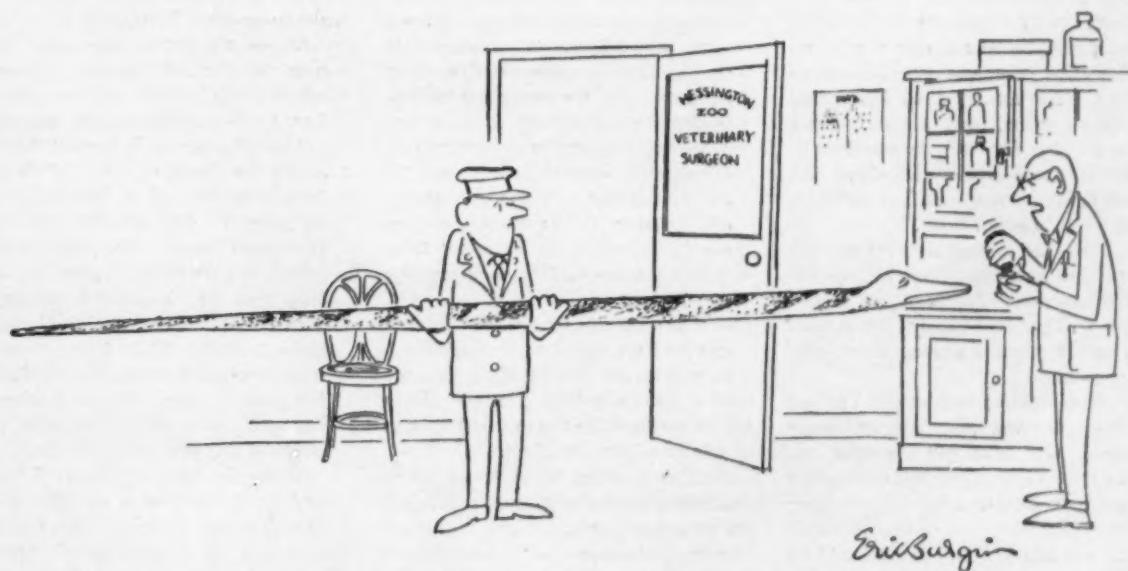
Miss World, and not dismembered in committee?

The lady's an impostor, it's quite certain,

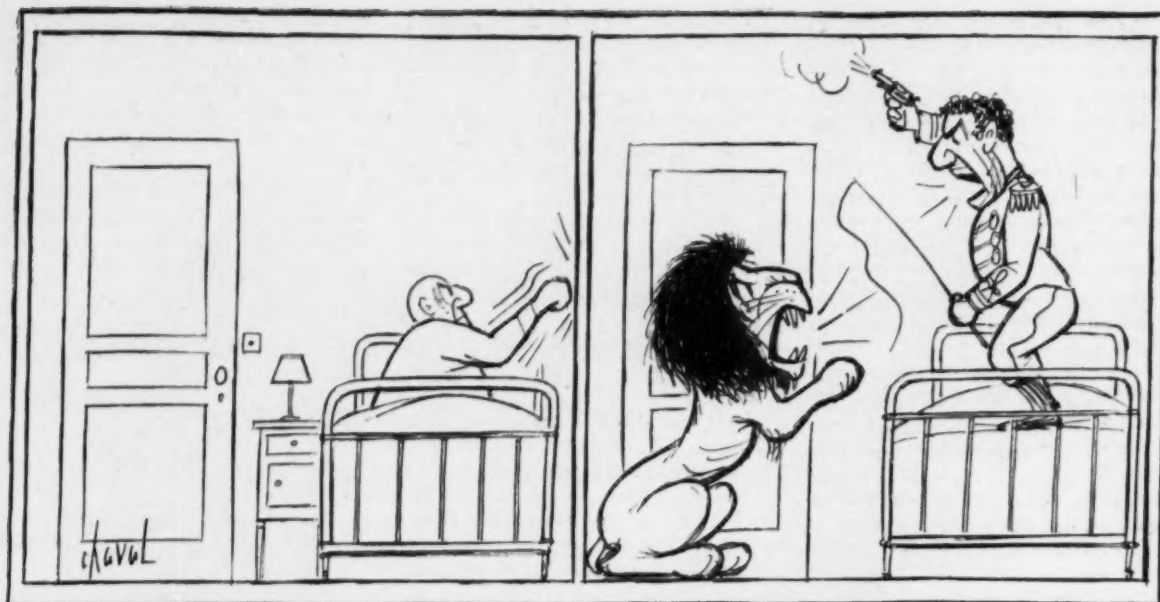
Or she'd be wearing bits of iron curtain. We know poor old Miss World—a dismal creature,

Battered and tearful. No redeeming feature.

LAWRENCE BENEDICT



"Just give him one of these tablets every four hours and no starchy food for a fortnight."



The Butler and the Parlourmaid

By LIONEL HALE

THE scene is the drawing-room of the Beauregards' country house in the Cotswolds. In the back wall french windows lead out to a garden, of which we see herbaceous borders and a sundial, with woods beyond. There are double-doors, U.L., leading to the hall, and a door, D.R., leading to Sir Michael's study, with a wide, balustraded staircase running up the wall R. The room shows the charming feminine taste of Lady Beauregard—grand piano, boule cabinets, chintz covers—together with the manliness of Sir Michael—crossed Magdalen oars and five or six stag's heads on the walls. A typical English home.

When the curtain rises the BUTLER and the PARLOURMAID are discovered.

PARLOURMAID (flicking a feather duster): I'm sure Lady Beauregard will be the prettiest woman at her own party to-night.

BUTLER (arching eyebrows): You get on with your work, my girl, and don't chatter. (He crosses to the table and runs a finger across it, subsequently looking at the finger censoriously.)

PARLOURMAID (dusting roses in a bowl): Well, she will be, Mr. Jevons, and no mistake. I'm sure Miss Agatha isn't a patch on her, though I think the

Honourable Eustace is a bit soft about Miss Agatha, reely I do.

BUTLER (opening windows): Can't think what she sees in him. Now young Lord Bertram . . .

Or, alternatively, the scene is a log cabin on the Canadian prairies. The windows, black with dirt, are also encrusted with snow. There is a wood stove, U.C., its vent-pipe stained with smoke. There is a rough table made of pinewood, and the chairs are crudely fashioned out of packing-cases. A dead caribou may be seen in the corner, D.R. What with snow-shoes littering the rough bunks that line the walls R. and L., and half-opened tins of bully-beef on the table, and a tin coffee-pot lying spilt on the floor, there is an indescribable air of neglect.

When the curtain rises the BUTLER and the PARLOURMAID are discovered.

PARLOURMAID (flicking the wood-stove with a feather duster): I'm sure Lady Beauregard will be the prettiest woman at her own party to-night.

BUTLER (arching his eyebrows, which are lightly covered with snow): You get on with your work, my girl, and don't chatter. (He crosses to the dead caribou and runs a finger over it, subsequently looking at his finger censoriously.)

PARLOURMAID (dusting the coffee-pot on the floor): Well, she will, Mr. Jevons, and no mistake. I'm sure Lady Agatha isn't a patch on her, though I think the Honourable Eustace is a bit soft about her, reely I do.

BUTLER (opening another tin of bully-beef): Can't think what she sees in him. Now young Lord Bertram . . .

Or, in the further alternative, the scene is Victoria Railway Station, suburban side. (This would be at Drury Lane.) It is a fine summer morning, and the Brighton Belle has just arrived at No. 14 Platform, U.L. There are tobacco kiosks and a bookstall; but the scene is dominated by the vast Departures Board. The pupils of five private schools (three f., two m.) are being seen off, in uniform, up-stage. Two mechanical porter's trucks pass across, R. to L. There is a continuous sound of escaping steam. Shortly during the scene the slow train to Newhaven will pull out and collide with the incoming fast train from Worthing.

When the curtain rises the BUTLER and the PARLOURMAID are discovered. PARLOURMAID (flicking her feather-duster over the Stationmaster's office): I'm sure Lady Beauregard will be, etc., etc.

BUTLER (*arching his eyebrows at the sound of the collision, OFF, of the Newhaven and Worthing trains*): You get on with your work, etc., etc. (*He crosses to the Brighton Belle and runs a finger over an oily piston, subsequently looking at his finger censoriously.*)

PARLOURMAID (*dusting the Gentlemen's Wash and Brush-up notice*): Well, she will, Mr. Jevons, and no mistake, etc., etc.

BUTLER (*opening the First Class ticket-office window*): Can't think what she sees in him, etc., etc., etc.

In the Cotswold drawing-room, or log cabin on the prairie, or Victoria Station, there is no reason for this conversation between the Butler and the Parlourmaid ever to vary, much. For these indispensable domestics serve one high and holy purpose in our

theatre. They settle the audience in its seat. At curtain rise some of us are still half-way up Shaftesbury Avenue, locked bonnet to back-axle between omnibuses. Others have retired to the cloak-room for the modest dishabiliment necessary to finding the tickets somehow, somewhere, in some pocket. Others are fussing about chocolates, or the height of the lady in the row in front, or changing seats with urgent whisperings to Gerald—"Come on, Gerald!"—or furtively unbuttoning waistcoats or kicking off high-heeled shoes. Most of us are having a good, lady-like cough behind our programmes: the rest of us have dropped our programmes and are groping for them.

On stage the drawing-room dialogue continues:

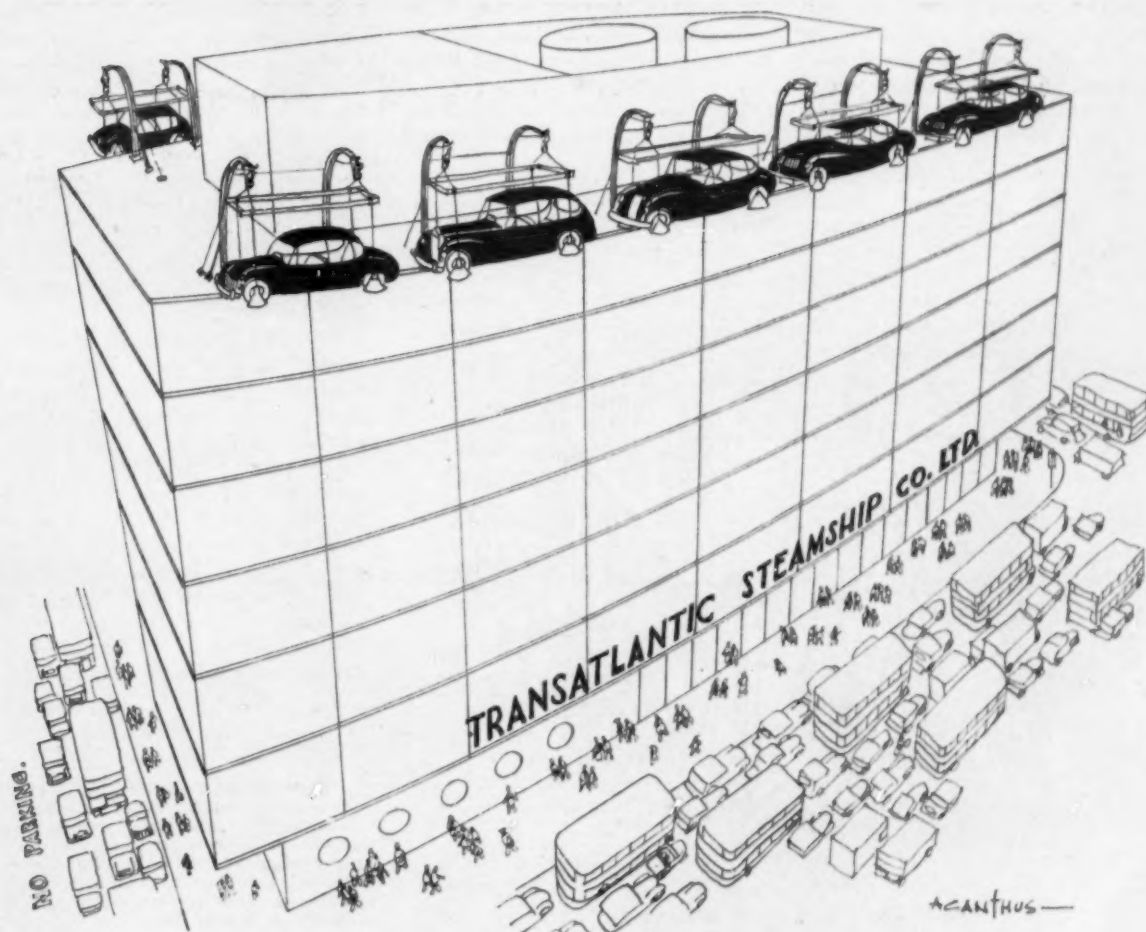
* PARLOURMAID (*picking up and plump-*

ing some brand-new sofa cushions, without a wrinkle among them): Well, Mr. Jevons, I don't think young Lord Bertram is a very good friend to Mr. Anthony. He's wild, like.

BUTLER (*polishing a silver cigarette-box on his cuff*): Do Mr. Anthony good, my lass. He's got too serious, to my way of thinking, since he joined the firm of Murgatroyd, Mugger, and Mainwaring, solicitors.

PARLOURMAID: Of Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. But I thought he was still very fond of that night-club singer, Argentinissima. (*She picks a piece of fluff off a pouffe.*)

BUTLER: From Buenos Aires. She is asked for the week-end, I hear tell. And a pretty piece of goods she is too. (*He steals a kiss from the PARLOURMAID and breathes on a crystal ash-tray before polishing it on the seat of his trousers.*)



PARLOURMAID (*twitching the french window curtains*): Oh, Mr. Jevons, get along! You're as bad as Sir Raphael Winterhalter, the big tobacco magnate. He pinched me last week-end when I was handing the *fonds artichaux* at luncheon. Incidentally, I think that Sir Raphael has some hold over the master. They spend hours together in the library.

BUTLER: The West Wing library? (*He re-lays the fire in the grate, lump by lump.*)

PARLOURMAID: Yes, the West Wing library—the one you can approach from the Dutch garden unseen by anyone in the house. I think the master comes and goes there by night, often and often, Mr. Jevons, reely and truly I do.

BUTLER (*indulgently*): Chatter, chatter, chatter. (*He smells a cigar from the humidior.*)

PARLOURMAID (*agitatedly*): And Lady Beauregard—she's a dark one. Oh, this house gives me the creeps! She's always in and out of the summer-house, after midnight. Oh, that summerhouse, Mr. Jevons, it gives me the creeps even worse! (*She goes half-way up the*

wall, feather-duster in hand, after an invisible spider's web.)

BUTLER (*listening at door*): Pssst!

The PARLOURMAID comes down the wall. *Exeunt BUTLER and PARLOURMAID, severally.*

Enter SIR MICHAEL and LADY BEAUREGARD, or whoever else; and the play proper (or, in certain cases, the play improper) begins.

This passage of dialogue will suit most plays by way of prelude, with minor alterations—for not every plot hinges on a summer-house, an Argentinian night-club singer, a library, and a tobacco magnate: though many, many do. Individual authors, after payment of the suitable copyright fee to me c/o the Theatrical Managers Association, may make minor changes to fit this introductory scene into, say, the Canadian log cabin or Victoria Station. Yet such truckling to realism is an unnecessary concession, and obscures the true point and value of the Butler and the Parlourmaid.

The Butler and the Parlourmaid are a mere curtain-raising formula, based

on the truth (probably to be found in Aristotle) that in the first ten minutes of a play *if does not matter what is said, or by whom*. If the Butler and the Parlourmaid sow the seeds of the plot, well: if not, no matter. (We knew the plot from the author's name on the programme already.) The Butler and the Parlourmaid settle us in our seats, attune our ears to the mumble of modern actors, and talk us out of our fidgets.

With tactful staggering of theatre opening times the same Butler and Parlourmaid could play the same scene nightly in several London theatres; and I am surprised that Messrs. H. M. Tennent have not discovered this economical device for themselves. Further, looking into the future, I see the Butler and the Parlourmaid hardening into conventional figures, like a Greek Chorus, conducting the same duologue down the decades across an empty scene from two stage boxes; and I am surprised, too, that this choric (nay, epic) idea has not occurred to Mr. T. S. Eliot, ever on the search as he is for an innovation as old as the first statue of Thespis.

In the plays of Shakespeare the parts may be altered to those of Steward and Serving Wench, with the dialogue put into blank verse, and an occasional interpolatory "Argal" or "Marry, goodman."

Meanwhile, I consider that this matter, being of great national and theatrical importance, should be placed under Crown patronage, within the administration of the Lord Chamberlain, to whom I hereby apply in person for the rôle of Perpetual Stage Butler to the Household in all theatres in the vicinity of St. James's Palace, the Strand, and Shaftesbury Avenue, with the right reserved to me of choosing my own Parlourmaid. At the moment I am in two minds between Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor and Dame Edith Evans.



"Don't you dare pick any more apples."

"In the correspondence on books, may I put in a word for 'Lavengro'? Lavengro—the master of words—was George Borrow, who, as a tall, grey-haired young man, roved the England of the early 19th century, mingling with gypsies, publishers and all manner of queer persons."—*Letter in the Nottingham Evening Post.*

Gypsies are going to be furious at this.



"Father says will you look out of the window a moment, as he is about to defy gravity?"



"ARE you acquainted with a man named Arthur Leafe?"

"Leafe?" said Gryme. "Leafe?"

You could tell, in that moment, just how puzzled he was. And did ever a case against any plumber look as black? Was ever a rope being more slowly and surely woven that would more inevitably lie round any neck? We may never know.

"Leafe," repeated Marshal Birkings, with what might have passed for a wink in the direction of the jury. "Arthur Leafe. With an E."

Note the subtlety here. Mark it well; for in it lies the key to the whole tense drama of that morning, the seventeenth day of the trial. "Are you acquainted with a man . . ." Marshal Birkings does not say "Do you *know* Arthur Leafe?" He does not say "Did you know Arthur Leafe?" He does not even say, as well he might, "Have you *heard* of Arthur Leafe?" No. Implacably, without fuss, with that barely perceptible hitch to his sock which helped to make Marshal Birkings so striking a figure in and out of the Old Bailey, "Are you *acquainted* with a man named Arthur Leafe?" he says.

"Well, no," says Gryme.

He licks his lips

IT was the beginning, this—the beginning of a fugue that was to go on all that fateful morning, while the fashionable spectators silently applauded every nuance, every twist and turn of the counterpoint.

"You are not acquainted with him?"

"No."

"You have never met him?"

"No."

"If he were to stand before you now you would not recognize him?"

"N-no."

The note had been struck at once. The main theme of this elaborate sonata

By Edgar Lustgarten

had been stated—without fuss, without histrionics. Gryme did not know Arthur Leafe.

Now, this is the first mention of Arthur Leafe that anyone has heard from the beginning of the trial. It is probable that nobody, nobody in that whole hushed court, has been aware of his existence before this moment. Bear that point in mind. For, make no mistake, here is the crux, the fulcrum, the turning-point, of Marshal Birkings' argument. This is the flood-gate which, once opened to its fullest extent (and opened it is to be, before many hours have elapsed), will bring the whole pitiful edifice of the defence crashing down, to be borne away upon the tide of Birkings' closing speech.

The first lightning strokes were swiftly added to.

"When you opened the door of

Who pushed Charles Gryme's handcart?

Number Eleven Pool Street, was there not a man standing in the shadow near the pillar-box?"

"No," says Gryme. But he is not sure. His eyes move warily in his head. He is not sure. He licks his lips. With his tongue.

"Are you *sure*?" Marshal Birkings raises his voice slightly on the last word. The first two words—the "are" and the "you"—are spoken almost casually, with no emphasis at all to speak of. But the third word—the "sure"—has a sharp, icy edge to it that is felt at the back of the court.

"Yes," says Gryme.

"I see," says Marshal Birkings. And his fingers lightly toy with the half-smoked cigar in his waistcoat pocket. The first crisis has passed.

In the shadow

IT was short; barely a foretaste of the thunder that was to come. And yet, in that brief, simple-seeming passage of question and answer, something changed. The atmosphere became tense.

Picture the scene. Gryme, the tall,

● When a welder of the blowlamp is caught up in the hot-water system of real life . . . the spot-light moves from bath-room to court-room . . . the glamour of chromium taps clashes with harsh facts. Today the Evening Standard introduces a new series telling the stories of some of the plumbers who have encountered a difficult joint . . . in the witness-box.

svelte, furtive plumber, apprehensive in the box. Marshal Birkings, calm, assured, standing with the weight of his body on his left foot, arms folded, eyes closed. "It seemed," wrote a reporter on that fateful morning, "that every eye in the court was fixed on the master of cross-examination."

And what a master! For see where we have got so far. *Gryme doesn't know Arthur Leafe.* He is not sure whether there was a man standing in the shadow by the pillar-box. That is all. Just two, irrefutable facts, wormed out of the accused by Marshal Birkings. But see what he makes of them! If ever a plumber was hanged by sheer, brilliant cross-examination, that plumber was Charles

Edmund Havelock Gryme.

Birkings starts quietly. Few people in the crowded court can have heard his next question—the question that leads from the grim introduction to the dramatic climax of this first movement.

Hesitation

"WOULD you be surprised to hear that the man in the shadow was Arthur Leafe?"

Gryme hesitates. To say no would be a denial. To say yes . . .

"I—don't know," Gryme says at last. Very slowly Marshal Birkings opens his eyes.

"Let me put it this way. Would you be surprised to hear that the man in the shadow, whose name was Arthur Leafe, followed you into Number Eleven Pool Street and took eight flash-light photographs of you as you clubbed Agnes Le Roy with a pipe-wrench—?"

"I must object!" Allendale Muskratt is on his feet at once. But it is of no avail. This time there is no stopping Marshal Birkings. He has the bit between his teeth now.

"As you clubbed Agnes Le Roy with

a pipe-wrench," he repeats, "sawed her into two halves, wrapped her in a soiled bedspread—*this* soiled bedspread—and bundled her through the window into the waiting handcart?"

Now Gryme was no fool, with all his faults. He knew where this was leading. He had to be careful. One false step, and . . .

"Yes," said Gryme, after a moment's hesitation.

Only a moment, but it was enough. Marshal Birkings was on him like a tiger. Pulling a packet of photographs from under his gown, he flung it, almost contemptuously, towards the witness-box.

Wave of laughter

"I REQUEST that these be handed to the prisoner!" he cried. And then he added, with one of those sardonic flashes of wit which so endeared him to bar and public alike, "Perhaps he'd care to have a few of them enlarged."

That did it. It was the signal, that. A wave of healthy laughter broke across the court from the public gallery. Even the judge could scarcely hide his smile. At this sudden relaxation of tension, one man alone, as he studied the pictures of his crime, remained glum-faced. Whatever else may be said of Gryme, this much is certain: he had no sense of humour.

Seeds of suspicion

IT was not the end, of course.

Nine days were to elapse before the trial had run its gruelling course. But in those few minutes of devastating thrust and parry, which have delighted connoisseurs of cross-examination ever since, there can be no doubt that Marshal Birkings sowed the first seeds of suspicion in the fertile minds of the twelve good men and true.

Was he guilty? That question may never be satisfactorily answered. This much alone is certain: he may have been.

And Marshal Birkings proved it.

WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

TOMORROW

The mate in the cistern

ALEX ATKINSON



. . . like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, 3, 4

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, October 19

House of Lords:
A New Lord Chancellor
House of Commons:
Snakes and Ladders

The Government game of snakes-and-ladders did not much alter the appearance of the Commons. The same old faces, for the most part, sat along the Front Bench, and you could only tell those who had been translated by the extra self-consciousness of their expressions. Two notable landmarks, however, were missing: Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE had landed on a ladder and gone to another place where, as Lord KILMUIR, he could dispense his exquisite courtesy to an audience more likely

to respect it; and Dame FLORENCE HORSBROUGH, having stumbled on a snake, bore her Grand Cross in sombre isolation on the uttermost back bench below the gangway.

After Sir WALTER MONCKTON had spoken hearteningly of the bus strike and other things, some of the newly-appointed Ministers tried their fledgling wings on the Front Bench. Mr. NIGEL BIRCH had no difficulty in keeping his end up as Minister of Works, and even scored a quick single off Mr. ANTHONY GREENWOOD, who it appears is unable to tell a lynchet from a slype; and Mr. FITZROY MACLEAN, though not, it seemed, always quite sure where to stop reading from his crib, made an unexceptionable maiden appearance for the War Office.

Sir WINSTON looked well and brisk after his hard-working holiday, but he was not quite up to the task which he imposed upon himself of explaining that "never," when spoken by his colleagues, really meant "some time or other." (Mr. TOM DRIBERG had expressed horror that the Minister of State should have said that Cyprus "could never enjoy full self-government.") "The word never," explained the Prime Minister in the manner of Humpty Dumpty explaining the word "glory," only less confidently, "is one

which in politics can only be used in its general relativity to the subject." Neither the House nor, to all appearances, the Cypriot prelate in the Gallery, extracted much sense from this most Churchillian phrase. A little earlier, Mr. WOODROW WYATT had observed that the Prime Minister "obviously never intends to retire" and the Prime Minister, realizing that the word "never" was being used in its general relativity to the subject, did not dispute the charge.

After questions, Sir WALTER MONCKTON—who caused surprise by his failure to hit either a snake or a ladder, and must now presumably stay on his present square until he throws a six—made an unsensational statement about the dock strike; and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, reviewing the nine-power conference, earned himself a bouquet from Sir WALDRON SMITHERS. The day's debate was on the Town and Country Planning (Scotland) Bill, and as usual only the Scots remained to discuss it.

In the Lords, Viscount KILMUIR, in scarlet and ermine and full-bottomed wig, made a dignified obeisance before the empty Throne, while the Woolsack stood tenantless behind him. The noble Viscount then left the Chamber, to return a moment later, like a variety artist in a quick-change act, wearing the Lord Chancellor's conventional black. The Lords do not place much strain upon their Speaker, and, to judge from the pleasure both sides seemed to feel at the new appointment, Lord KILMUIR and they should accord well together.

Wednesday, October 20

House of Lords:
In the Air
House of Commons:
Down to Earth

Lord BRABAZON OF TARA wanted more ginger in the helicopter industry in Britain; commercial aviation as he saw it in the future would comprise long hauls by five-hundred-seater flying-boats and short hauls by helicopter, and up till now Britain virtually had no helicopters at all. (And where, he demanded, was Lord DOUGLAS OF

KIRTLESIDE, who ought to be there with all the answers? Where, he might have added, was Lord BEAVERBROOK, who invented the helicopter?) He was followed by Lord OGMORE, Lord BALFOUR OF INCHRYE and Lord SEMPILL, who advanced similar arguments with varying degrees of cogency, and by Lord THURLOW, who, speaking as the commander of an infantry brigade in Kenya lately arrived in England on leave, put forward the military viewpoint with uncommon force. Lord MANCROFT, replying for the Government, brought their Lordships down to earth; you could hardly treat a helicopter as an extra-mobile five-ton truck, he pointed out, when a truck cost £4000 and a helicopter £150,000. By this time Lord DOUGLAS had arrived, and whenever Lord MANCROFT permitted himself a little modest optimism—as, for instance, about the progress of the Fairey "Rotadyne"—Lord DOUGLAS brought him down to earth in his turn.

Another recent arrival from Kenya was Mr. LENNOX-BOYD, who had ninety questions to answer in the Commons, and actually got through seventy-four of them, an average of roughly forty-four seconds per question. One got the impression that he is likely to show up better against Messrs. FENNER BROCKWAY and JIM GRIFFITHS than he sometimes did against Messrs. CALLAGHAN and BESWICK.

Mr. LENNOX-BOYD was kept at it again later on, when he introduced the second reading of the Overseas Resources Bill. This measure provides for



The Lord Chancellor (né Maxwell Fyfe)

the dissolution of the Overseas Food Corporation and the transfer of its assets to the Tanganyika Agricultural Corporation, a process involving a trifling loss of five million or so. Inevitably its discussion caused Members to reminisce nostalgically about the groundnut scheme, and Sir LESLIE PLUMMER, who is in a position to know, was good enough to tell the House what lessons might be learnt from the history of that undertaking. Mr. STRACHEY, another expert, also spoke warmly of groundnuts, commending the failure of the scheme to grow them as an added incentive for the Government to push on with agricultural development in the Colonies. Mr. HOPKINSON, replying for the Government, agreed with everybody and observed that the outcome of the groundnut scheme was "a spur to greater efforts." The Bill was given its second reading without a division.

Thursday, October 21

Mr. KENNETH ROBINSON asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he would make a statement about the National Land Fund. Mr. HENRY BROOKE, speaking for the first time from the Front Bench, said "No, sir. Not at present." Colonel BROMLEY-DAVENPORT then rose to congratulate him on "the excellent and intelligent manner in which he answered his first question." Solidarity is no monopoly of the Trade Unions. Later the House heard the unusual phenomenon of the Colonel asking a long supplementary without being howled down.

Mr. DODDS, who champions the quaintest causes, wanted the Prime Minister to appoint a Minister of

Physical Education, and the Government to place greater emphasis on physical exercises. The Prime Minister, who has always preferred mental exercises, gave him no encouragement.

Several Members had questions for the new Home Secretary about obscenity prosecutions and the cognate matter of "horror comics," and Major LLOYD-GEORGE assured them of his attention. Only a Member of Parliament could have followed up this assurance, as Dr. BARNETT STROSS did, with a plea for protection for the newsagents, who "did not like to handle this beastly material." He didn't suggest that they actually lost money over them, but it was clear from his tone that the newsagents of Stoke-on-Trent were, in Roy Campbell's phrase, "weeping between the cigars."

Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS was no Macmillan in his presentation to the House of the Draft Housing (Review of Contributions) Order. His argument was couched largely in figures, some of which the Opposition found fishy, and his august father-in-law, who courtously stayed to hear him, sat through the dust-storm of "notional costs" and "notional rents" without, one would have said, much notion of what it was all about. However, the order was duly passed by the House, and Mr. ROBIN TURTON, in his new Foreign Office hat, then completed the array of fresh faces to appear during the day in a routine commendation of nine draft orders concerning various international organizations.

Viscount STANSFORD in the Lords had queried the propriety of the British Ambassador in declining to attend a dinner with the representatives of Communist China and Communist

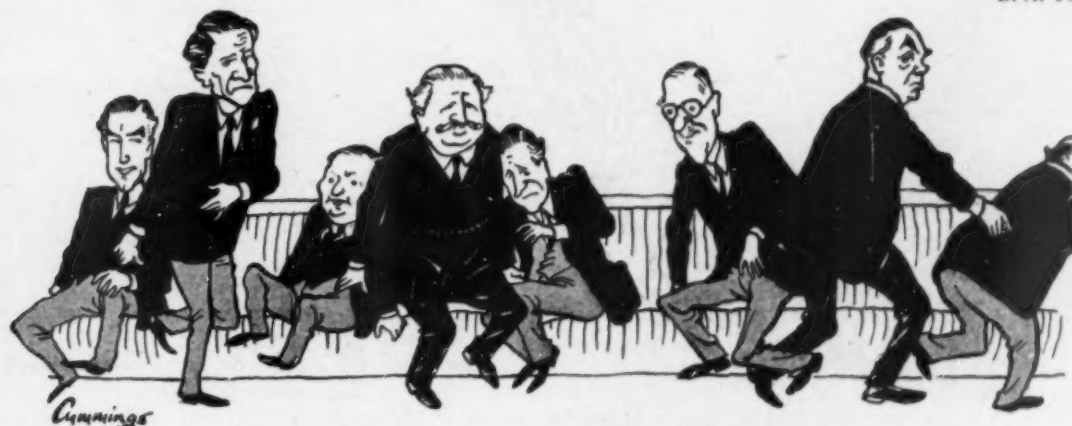
Germany. The Marquess of READING explained that it was all right really, the Chinese Ambassador would understand that it was only the German that our Ambassador didn't want to meet, and the German Ambassador would understand why not, and the Burmese Ambassador, who gave the dinner, would understand everything.

Friday, October 22

The Pests Bill, although it was a Government and not a private Member's measure, was quite at home on Friday morning, where it attracted the usual attendance of animal-lovers. The object of the Bill is, broadly, the eradication of the rabbit in this country; but far more Members were found to defend that rodent than to condemn it. Only Mr. HURD, himself a farmer and a sufferer from rabbit-trouble, was bold enough to come out unequivocally in favour of myxomatosis, and even of the gin-trap, failing anything better; most other speakers, while conceding the harm the rabbits did, thought that death by myxomatosis was too severe a penalty to exact from them. Sir THOMAS MOORE—always to the fore where animals are concerned—called the disease "this evil thing," and Dr. KING called on the might of the Church to battle against it. He even went so far in one passage as to compare the suffering rabbits with Joan of Arc at the stake—perhaps a topical reference to Miss Bergman in another place.

There was more general agreement over the evils of the gin-trap, and of the inadequacy of Clause 8 of the Bill, which does not propose to outlaw that engine of mutilation until July 1958.

B. A. YOUNG



Sir David Eccles

Mr. Nutting

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Mr. Macmillan

Mr. Duncan Sandys

Mr. Heathcoat Amory

Major Lloyd-George



"St. Paul's is in danger and needs your help."—Lord Simonds

Who Will Help St. Paul's?

By JOHN BETJEMAN

I'VE turned from Queen Victoria Street
Down gas-lit lanes on windy nights
To where the wharves and water meet
And seen the sliding river lights,
And looked through Georgian window panes
At plasterwork in City halls
While dominant and distant reigns,
Queen of the sky, the dome of Paul's.

Young clerks with cheeks of boyish rose
In bars and cafés underground,
Old clerks who play at dominoes
Where cigarette smoke hangs around,
Girl secretaries eating beans
In restaurants with white-tiled walls—
They all know what the City means,
They all are children of St. Paul's.

Directors who with eyes shut fast
Are driven Esher-wards at three,
And those who leave the City last,
Gay members of some livery
Looking in vain for cab or bus
Down cobbled lanes where moonlight falls—
The first and last to leave of us
Are brooded over by St. Paul's.

If in some City church we've knelt
Shut off from traffic noise and news,
And all the past about us felt
Among the cedar-scented pews,
Or if we think the past is rot,
Or if our purse has other calls,
Whether we go to church or not,
Which of us will not help St. Paul's?

The Salad and the Sauce

THERE are two things, my grandfather used to say, in the sphere of domestic activity which a gentleman should be able to do well: make a salad and concoct a sauce. He would, I know, have liked to add carving to this list of genteel qualifications, but in this art he was himself more noted for vigour than finesse, and a lifetime of single combat with dead beasts and birds had passed unremarked, save by an artist friend of ours who, after watching my grandfather at issue with a carelessly stuffed breast of lamb, was inspired to create (in galvanized iron, his favourite medium) a representation of the sacrifice of Iphigenia which, the critics agreed, "had movement." But in the allied and finer arts of salad-making and sauce-making he yielded the palm to no man.

Salads my grandfather held to consist of greenstuff. If the Americans wished to make messes of sweet corn and avocado pears and cottage cheese, and to pass the results off as salad, that was their affair, and he had no desire to interfere with them. He lived, of course, in an age when transatlantic trends could be safely ignored. Nor was he much taken by the recipes of old Gervase Markham. "Of blancht almonds a goodly store," he would

quote in tones of ineffable scorn. "Blancht almonds!"

His own salads (which for some reason unacknowledged he put together behind locked doors) were composed of endive, chicory, sorrel, chives and viper's grass. Others—the lettuce, the cucumber—were occasionally admitted, but he had an invincible repugnance to salsify, which he would declare in palpable italics to be all right for those who were cooking the books.

His salads were made in a brass cylinder about eight inches in diameter and a foot in height, which had come, it was believed in the family, from the sack of Seringapatam. Something of the outward appearance of the salad was lost owing to its ingredients being invisible, but my grandfather had a rugged contempt for superficial show.

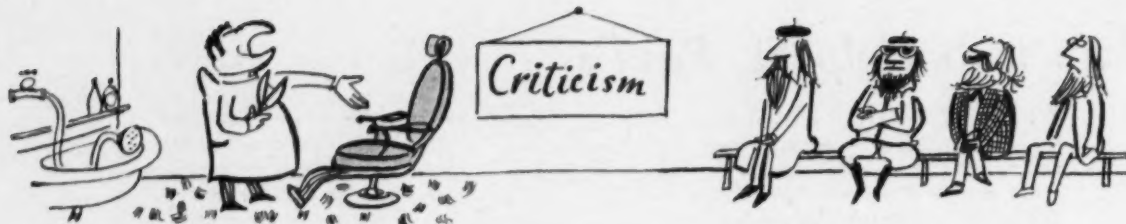
In the composition of a sauce my grandfather attached great importance to what he called "the base." This base was a thin, tasteless paste of flour and some kind of oil, mixed with a spatula on a palette. While slapping and scraping, the old man would hum a Latvian hunting song under his breath. The family—and visitors—were welcome to watch the business of sauce-making, in contrast to the secrecy which surrounded salad-making.

My grandfather's way of producing

a piquancy in the greyish slime on his palette might well have been called the "soupçon" system. He surrounded himself with a host of small bottles and packets, and levied tribute of a pinch here and a pinch there. Some critics decried his method as being empirical; others (and not only sycophants) claimed to see a pattern in his subtle alternations of paprika and angostura and oil of cloves. But whatever had gone before, however uneasy the herbal bedfellows he had made, my grandfather always put his faith in a final dash of wormwood. It brought out, he said, the full virtue of the others.

The effect of applying (no other word conveys the degree of viscosity) the sauce to some edible dish was never rightly established, for, such is the curiosity of the palate, everyone tasted it separately first, and was either so seduced by its flavour that he ate it all forthwith, or so repelled that he rejected it entirely. A scientific guest once tried its effect upon litmus paper—at Christmas, when litmus paper passed unobserved amid the riot of torn crackers—and reported a slight alkaline reaction. Not that my grandfather cared; his reward was the true artist's joy of creation. As far as I remember, he never ate salads or sauces in his life.

G. H. M. NICHOLS



BOOKING OFFICE

Novels and Novelists

Ten Novels and their Authors. W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann, 21/-

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has already taken a certain amount of punishment regarding this book, sections of which appeared recently in a newspaper, provoking some fairly heated correspondence. Here, it is true, the ten novels are no longer presented as the ten "best" novels in the world—as if novels could be graded like apples or razor-blades—but, even so, it must be admitted that things remain which are likely to cause disagreement, even perhaps a little regret; not least that so distinguished a writer should seem to advocate the "compression" of great novels.

The study surveys Fielding and *Tom Jones*, Jane Austen and *Pride and Prejudice*, Stendhal and *Le Rouge et le Noir*, Balzac and *Le Père Goriot*, Dickens and *David Copperfield*, Flaubert and *Madame Bovary*, Melville and *Moby Dick*, Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights*, Dostoevsky and *The Brothers Karamazov*, Tolstoy and *War and Peace*.

Mr. Maugham writes: "A sensible person does not read a novel as a task. He reads it as a diversion." (p. 2); and again: "You read a novel for its entertainment, and, I repeat, if it does not give you that, it has nothing to give you at all." (p. 35) In different forms he repeats this opinion many times; but he also remarks: "Unless a reader is able to give something of himself, he cannot get from a novel the best it has to give. And if he isn't able to do that, he had better not read it at all." (p. 20)

But this word "entertainment" takes us no farther. Some people's idea of entertainment is to exchange dubious limericks; others, to discuss the nature of the Higher Good. Besides, the statements quoted above can only alarm a nervous reader by their peremptory manner and lack of clear instruction. If a novel shows signs of being "a task" he must cast it aside in order to show himself "a sensible person"; but, at the same time, he must "give something

of himself" or "he had better not read it at all." The margin between these two courses seems a distinctly narrow one.

Surely the latter piece of advice comes nearer the truth than the former. I wonder how many people could honestly say that they would be prepared to embark on—and get through—all these ten novels without an effort. And yet that effort might be well worth making. The point is that it would be "a task."



The various novels here considered are each prefaced with a brief account of the author. These biographical notes are uneven in quality. Dickens, for example, fits in well with Mr. Maugham's approach, and the result is sympathetic, though unwhitewashed. Many of us will support Mr. Maugham in his dislike for Little Em'ly, and his view that she only got what was coming to her.

Fielding, on the other hand, is less successfully described. Admittedly, it is hard to know much of the personal life of a man of his comparatively distant period, but Mr. Maugham's picture of a weary figure, no longer able to afford to hunt and frequenting the bar of the golf club, to say the least, leaves out a good deal. It is hardly likely, one might think, that a man who wrote, in a sense, the first English novel—still perfectly

readable after two hundred years—was not, at least within himself, a bit more interesting than this vignette. In the same way we never feel Mr. Maugham has got to grips with Stendhal's complexities.

He shows himself greatly concerned with Jane Austen's social position, almost determined to prove that the Austen family were considered no great shakes locally. This may well have been true, but it is not easy to know from precisely what point of view Mr. Maugham himself writes. On the one hand he seems to decry snobbery, while on the other his own rather slapdash social history seems to risk the imputation of that very failing, in spite of the fun made of it.

He is more at ease with Emily Brontë and Herman Melville; Flaubert is presented much as usual; Balzac, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy crowd any brief biography with their goings-on to a degree that makes a clear-cut picture difficult. In the concluding chapter all the authors meet at an imaginary party. This is literary Wardour Street—costumes or films—at its worst.

Mr. Maugham has a dogged manner of writing that carries him through thick and thin. Sometimes he is illuminating; sometimes a little unworthy of his own good qualities. Occasionally he surprises us with general comments such as "Blondes don't wear well," which seem to belong to some quite different sort of book.

ANTHONY POWELL

The Prophet

Gladstone: A Biography. Philip Magnus. Murray, 28/-

Surprisingly, since Morley's Life in 1903, there has been no full biography of Gladstone, one of our most spectacular political enigmas. Sir Philip Magnus has written it with outstanding judgment and success. This Scots portent, the son of a self-made slave owner, had the eloquence, the fanaticism, the casuistry and the love of power of a mediæval archbishop; he became the greatest prophet of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Quick-witted in manoeuvre, his mind moved slowly, in seismic bouts.

An adept in political power, he retained a curious innocence. Unlike Disraeli, this Etonian was never a man of the world, or he would not, when Prime Minister, have walked the streets at seventy-six to rescue fallen women. This unworldliness held the radical masses: he embodied their evangelical morality.

This book brings Gladstone's genius alive and illuminates famous controversies—the Midlothian campaign, Home Rule, Parnell. It should be read by everyone interested in the dramatic unfolding of British politics at the height of our power. Gladstone was happiest among his family who adored him, and happy at All Souls, where he could captivate the most crusted Tory opponents. But among Gladstone's ample gifts a sense of humour was not included. The appalling jokes to which he reverted in old age can still make a Sassenach wince.

J. E. B.

Ionian. A Quest. Freya Stark. Murray, 30/-

History should be treated as a friend, the facts of history eased with love and understanding; and to those happy few, who, like Miss Freya Stark, can delicately remove the obscuring layers from the palimpsest, there are given moments of poetry and vision. The dolphin (as he may have appeared in the shield of Odysseus) leaps into the air, black against the sky of the gulf of Smyrna, "as if he were a messenger from the world I was seeking"; the ancient theatre at Priene seems so real that the traveller feels she is interrupting, "that actors and audience, like a flight of shy birds, had fled in the very instant of my stepping across their threshold with my feet still shod in time."

Each incident and sight assumes new significance: the peasants of Myrina, building their houses with the marble columns of a ruined temple; the flowers on threadlike stems thick on the turf about Teos, where, appropriately, a grape-stone stuck in his throat, Anacreon died. Miss Stark has revealed the unfamiliar, "enchanted outline of Ionian, tired gold between the colours of sea and sky." Her book is delicious. J. R.

Leda and the Goose. Tristram Hillier. Longmans, 16/-

Mr. Tristram Hillier, the painter, now just about completing his first half-century, here presents an autobiography. Brought up largely in China, where his father was an official in the European administration, he thought at one time of becoming a monk, but, perhaps wisely, decided against. However, being of independent means when his father died, he immediately came down from Cambridge and put himself into business, going through the process of abandoning commerce for art without the traditional adjunct of a tyrannical family.

There are glimpses of the gay, bohemian 'twenties, stippled in with a minimum of tedious detail. In fact *couleur de rose* at times threatens to dominate the values of the picture, and



"Good heavens, John! how long were you missing?"

it would have been fun to have heard a little more about the seamy side. At one moment the owner of a huge and inconceivably picturesque ruined *château* in Gascony, the author was brought almost to death's door by one of the domestics making a wax image of him and sticking pins in it. The episode is convincing. In the war there was service with the Royal Navy. We could have done with an index.

A. P.

Tramp Royal. Sir Michael Bruce. Elek, 16/-

There is a robustly old-fashioned flavour to this enjoyable account of a frenziedly adventurous life. Twenty years ago its genially truculent author might have been dismissed as a Blimp, a mauler of natives and reader of Kipling over sundowners. To-day even its attack on the Ministry of Information as a haunt of uninformed and Bloomsbury highbrows echoes nostalgically a simpler past, when well-biceped baronets thought with their guns and, if deprived of enemies by the regrettable modern

tendency to long breathing-spaces between wars, joined in private fights in South America, searched for gold thousands of miles up the Amazon, rounded Cape Horn, mainly up masts, and walked across the Andes. A little oddly, Sir Michael's wilder adventures are followed by a period as Director of Public Relations to Mr. Oscar Deutsch. The book is so easy and exciting to read that it is only after it has been shut that one realizes how much the type of man it describes has faded out of contemporary writing. It is inadvisable that his existence should be forgotten.

R. G. G. P.

It Isn't This Time of Year at All. Oliver St. John Gogarty. MacGibbon and Kee, 15/-

A fellow Irishman to whom Dr. Gogarty once suggested that the weather was extraordinary "for this time of year" replied: "Ah, it isn't this time of year at all." This witty rejoinder, which has provided the title for Dr. Gogarty's autobiography, is also a fair measure of the studied illogicality of the contents. Coupled as it is with a great deal of blarney, such a marked absence of the rational makes the book almost too "Irish" to be true. But it is well worth reading if only for the account the author gives of his being kidnapped and very nearly shot as an Irish nationalist by other Irish nationalists.

There are also some delightful anecdotes about Yeats and George Moore

HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association is on show at the Odeon Cinema, Kingwood, Bristol, until November 12. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.

and especially about James Joyce, who once shared a seaside house (an old tower) with Dr. Gogarty. One story tells how Joyce stole a suitcase full of women's underclothes, intending to distribute them in the Dublin brothels and then presented the lot to a grocer's mistress. Another relates how Joyce, who had borrowed Dr. Gogarty's rifle and pawned it, persuaded Dr. Gogarty to enter for (and win) a gold medal at a college of which he was not a member, and by pawning that prize to redeem the rifle; and how finally the gun-fire of another friend so frightened Joyce (who could pledge arms but not use them) that he fled from and never returned to their tower.

M. C.


Conquest of Man: The Saga of Early Exploration and Discovery. Paul Herman. Hamish Hamilton, 30/-

Mr. Paul Herman's style is a shade more whimsical than some of us might choose, but he presents an interesting and vivid picture—how accurate, only serious archaeologists can judge. Now that Stonehenge is thought to have been built by Mycenaean Greeks it is worthy of note that a Greek legend describes singing swans in a great circular sanctuary of the Hyperboreans. The Carthaginians closed the Straits of Gibraltar so that they alone should enjoy the tin and lead markets of the West of England. The results of this policy are investigated, as are also the travels of the Argonauts in the oil-producing districts round Batum.

Nestorian Christians in China; Quetzalcoatl, the Christian myth of the Aztecs; the Kensington stone of Minnesota; and the Javanese in Madagascar are among the other fascinating problems that the author examines.

A. P.

AT THE PLAY

 *Love's Labour's Lost* (OLD VIC)
Joan of Arc at the Stake (STOLL)
Book of the Month (CAMBRIDGE)

CECIL BEATON's décor for *Love's Labour's Lost* is scarcely a flying start for a play which cannot be given too airy a fantasciation. In the distance, a desert; in the middle distance, two irregular rymmoth lines, fading away, of rather goal-post masonry, as if Stonehenge had got together and gone for a walk; and on the stage, three large bosky croquet-hoops, that are constantly pushed around, to form sometimes a pergola, sometimes a row of vegetarians' sentry-boxes. None of these arrangements in any way assists the innocently aphrodisiac mood of the play. In his dresses Mr. BEATON is much more helpful.

FRITH BANBURY's production is happiest when the four hosts invade their visitors' camp dressed as Russians. Then the scene is infected with a gaiety which truly serves the splendid moment when the messenger arrives to tell the Princess of her father's death. In other parts of the play not all the company can sustain its delicate irony; bits—to be

honest—are dull. The Armado, a key character, seems to me eccentric in the wrong way. PAUL ROGERS, speaking the exaggerated phonetic English of a night-school professor, goes for easy fun and misses the Don's high comedy. MEREDITH EDWARDS' Boyet is also overdone, a ditherer who would never have been sent abroad in charge of four supposedly valuable young women.

However, these play up beautifully, in particular ANN TODD's Princess and VIRGINIA MCKENNA's Rosaline; Miss MCKENNA has developed a delightfully impish quality that yet remains well-mannered. Her opposite number, JOHN NEVILLE, is good as a Berowne who has the whole party intellectually at his feet. After him, among the lords, ROBERT HARDY. Considering the difficulties of Costard, I thought MICHAEL BATES fairly amusing, but the comic winners here are LAURENCE HARDY's dead-pan Holofernes and PAUL DANEMAN's marvellously senile Nathaniel.

This production is infinitely more intelligent than the old Vic's *Dream*, now knocking America for six, but hasn't the consistent lightness of either its '49 production or of the exquisite Stratford model just after the war.

Jean-Louis Barrault, the protagonist of "total theatre," brought it off so brilliantly in his Marigny production of *Le Livre de Christophe Colomb* that all the possible tricks in the theatrical bag were fused together, all serving a common dramatic purpose. In ROBERTO ROSSELLINI's *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, which is nearly, but not quite, "total," one is conscious of the tricks and of how distressingly separate they remain. CLAUDEL's text, translated by DENNIS ARUNDELL, takes a very long time to say very little about Joan, while she has to do a great deal of standing about, either engaged in slow duologue with a Dominican friar, or watching scenes that symbolize or recall her past.

Choirs of angels behind a gauze screen having started things off on the right note, immediately we approach bathos; for Joan, wandering around a built-up section of the stage under two powerful spots, too easily suggests a girl in her nightdress watching the searchlights from a roof in the blitz. In succeeding scenes a magic lantern clumsily throws suitable bits of architecture, such as the square at Rouen, at the cyclorama, and the Dauphin crosses the sky in a jerky little toy procession. Certainly one gets a rough idea of Joan's history, but give me Shaw and Anouilh for adult comment on her true dilemma—unalloyed with music, however fine (I liked HONEGGER's), with an arbitrary mixture of straight and operatic styles, and with choral interludes that come disjointedly from the stage boxes into which, at the Stoll, many of the singers have had to be packed.

This Joan is not a taxing part. It needs dignity, sincerity, and honest diction,



Brother Dominic—MR. VALENTINE DYALL

Joan of Arc at the Stake
Joan of Arc—MISS INGRID BERGMAN

and INGRID BERGMAN passes all three tests without difficulty. Similarly VALENTINE DYALL's deep-toned gravity gives the Friar all he can possibly want. There are moments of genuine beauty in the production, but as a whole it is obstinately undramatic (I was unmoved even by the scene of Joan's burning, perhaps because the flames were so palpably red paper). Shorter than it seemed, it was preceded by a very reasonable performance of *Giselle*, by the Ballet Rambert.

A new idea for light comedy is as startling as an owl in Piccadilly. In *Book of the Month* BASIL THOMAS shows us the consternation of a stodgy county family on finding that the erotic best-seller written secretly by their young daughter is unmistakably twisted from their own innocent activities. A series of lurid scenes from the novel follows, in which these respectable characters portray their fictional selves; and finally, down to earth again, we see, after they have all read the book, how it corrodes and alters their relationships. The burlesqued melodrama in the middle portion wears thin, and the happy ending is a little too happy; but the dialogue is often pointed, and a versatile cast turns the situations nimbly. Not big stuff, but sufficiently funny to shake down a good dinner.

Recommended

The King and I (Drury Lane), an American musical not out to shock. *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* (St. Martin's), satiric solos and clever dancing. *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden), Agatha Christie at her best.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Egyptian—Riot in Cell Block 11

SIZE, not merit—or even Merit (JEAN SIMMONS)—seems to demand that we lead to-day with *The Egyptian* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ). It lasts for two hours nineteen minutes, it is being shown simultaneously at two big London cinemas, it is in CinemaScope, it has a pyramid of stars, and I wouldn't go across the road to see it if I didn't have to.

What I always wonder about enormous, prodigiously expensive box-office smasheroos of this kind is whether, among the mighty crowds fighting to get in to them, there isn't really a sizeable proportion that feels just as I do and won't venture to say so. Do they all really sit back—or, more significantly, forward—and find positive enjoyment, honest pleasure, in such over-upholstered narratives? Do these things really grip their attention and keep them absorbed? At the lowest level, do they really even "lose themselves," identify themselves with some character in ancient Egypt or wherever it is?

The conclusion must be that somehow

most of them do, whether they unjustifiably hypnotize themselves into it or not. And the rest—a considerable number, with a picture of this scale—go because all their friends will expect them to have seen it, and in order to be able to say afterwards that they have.

This is a massively-mounted work, no doubt as scrupulously accurate in visual detail as research can make it (for once "meticulously" accurate would be right, for film-makers are always tormented by such fears as that they will be accused of showing a first-century soldier wearing a second-century helmet or a wrist-watch), about a high-minded Egyptian of some thirty-three centuries ago and his experiences with lions, Pharaohs, courtesans, embalmers and other photogenic phenomena. The tale is told by the Egyptian himself as an old man in exile, so that all awkward narrative corners are slid round with a brief passage of off-screen commentary in his voice.

EDMUND PURDOM is the Egyptian, but it is not an acting part: this is merely a man to whom many things happen, not a memorable individual. In fact of all the miscellaneous personages (apart from PETER USTINOV as the Egyptian's servant, who is obviously pretty amused by the whole affair) the only one I did find at all memorable was the grave-robber played by that old reliable JOHN CARRADINE, who appears in one tiny scene. And what gave me as much visual pleasure as all the spectacular scenes in De Luxe colour were a couple of flashes, in the first minute or two of the picture, of a hand with a brush rapidly writing in Egyptian characters.

This is perhaps an unfairly off-hand dismissal of a monumental, a stupendous outlay of talent and skill; but it's not as if it will do it any harm. Nothing will keep the crowds away.

Incomparably more gripping and worth-while as a film is *Riot in Cell Block 11* (Director: DON SIEGEL), which a note at the beginning says is an example of "unique co-operation" between State authorities and film studio. This has been given an "X" certificate—partly no doubt because of the scenes of violence, and partly because it shows prison rioters getting their way.

Violent it is, and even brutal, but not without reason: one feels the reality behind the whole thing, and the honest wish to make a just point—to make the public realize their responsibility for what is wrong with the prisons. It begins with something like a "March of Time" sequence, stating the problem, and then plunges into the story of a typical riot in an understaffed prison of four thousand men. The tension and excitement are terrific, and this is a matter of script (RICHARD COLLINS) and direction; but from the principal players, all unfamiliar faces, I would single out EMILE MEYER for his performance as the reasonable, harried Warden, who gives his word to



(The Egyptian

Akhnaton—MICHAEL WILDING
Horemheb—VICTOR MATURE
Merit—JEAN SIMMONS
Simhe—EDMUND PURDOM

the men only to see it broken by higher and less closely implicated authority.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the new Hitchcock, *Rear Window* (20/10/54); a revival of CHAPLIN's classic *Modern Times*; Cinerama, the latest curiosity (wonderful for scenic views); and a quiet, unpretentiously well done story of a country vicar, *Lease of Life* (20/10/54). On the Waterfront (22/9/54) and *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) are still available.

Most important new release: *Romeo and Juliet* (6/10/54). Otherwise I would only mention an unusually well done science-fiction piece, *Them*.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Matters of Taste

TELEVISION'S weekly "Sportsview" thoroughly deserves its popularity and its extended duration. The programme has immense topical interest, is presented efficiently, and in Peter Dimmock has a compère of breathtaking enthusiasm. Just the stuff to give the sports fans. A recent edition included interviews with Messrs. Chataway, Compton, Trueman, Davis, Buckingham and Allen, all very much in the public eye and all perfectly composed under the bright lights.

My one criticism of "Sportsview" is one that can be levelled against many TV shows—a readiness to sacrifice standards of taste whenever there is an opening for cheap-jack sensationalism. It was not necessary, surely, to superimpose Chataway's watchful face on the film of the great 5,000 metres. Such keyhole tactics are deplorable and stupid—deplorable because they leave level-headed sporting celebrities to choose between coy and excessive modesty or a natural ebullience of mien certain to be misunderstood, and stupid because it is impossible anyway for the viewer to study two moving pictures simultaneously.

Then, again, I consider that it was a mistake to pursue the Press probe into young Trueman's private affairs and to harp on the theme of his non-selection for the Australian tour. Once again the sportsman was placed in a hopeless situation: he could say either too much or too little, but not—lacking exceptional skill in logomachy—just enough.

And what about poor Compton's knee! The knee is a matter for public concern: very well, but does the offending



Compton's Knee and Attlee's Farewell

Chris Chataway, Freddie Trueman, Denis Compton, Peter Dimmock and Clement Attlee.

joint have to be exposed to the critical gaze of seven million viewers? What possible interest is there, except for Peeping Toms and Nosey Parkers, in a cutaneous close-up?

Mr. Attlee's Party Political Broadcast from Walthamstow was a curious affair. Viewers were conducted on tiptoe to a room in the town hall where the Labour leader sat, pipe in mouth, at the centre of a shallow arc of disciples. It was as though we were being shepherd round some cathedral and had stumbled upon a private service in the chapel of St. George of the Immaculate Lido. Mr. Attlee spoke well, giving short simple answers to the questions put to him by the panel. He said nothing very significant or challenging, but his performance was easy and in its own way competent. Then, quite suddenly, he looked at the camera for the first time and uttered a staccato "Good night!"

Another error of taste. Viewers were made to feel like children caught hanging

over the banisters and promptly sent back to bed. I can only suppose that there was some contretemps in production at the beginning of the programme. Political broadcasters cannot afford to make their audience feel guilty of gate-crashing.

In a week of exceptionally good Outside Broadcasts—the athletics match, London v. Moscow and the Harlequins v. Cardiff rugby game, both from the White City, were magnificent entertainment—studio fare inevitably seemed more contrived, artificial and shadowy than usual. But Joseph Schull's radio play, *The Concert*, adapted for television by Duncan Ross, must be awarded pretty high marks. The story is strong stuff, the struggle of a blind nurse to

throw off the shackles of mawkish parental solicitude, and Moira Lister played a difficult rôle with skill and grace. Barry Learoyd's designs and Eric Fawcett's production were splendid.

And now to sound radio for Louis MacNeice's "Return to School." This half-hour of impressionism was assembled very skilfully, and its amusing and nostalgic comment on the bad old days in education must have charmed many an "old boy." But the sketch was completely ruined for me when it left its "old school tie" standard of injured innocence and dabbled for a minute or so in covert allusion to sexual irregularities. Another example of bad taste. In a programme as light as this, it is impossible to introduce heavyweight themes without giving offence and inviting comparisons with music-hall vulgarians who work on the principle of "anything for a laugh."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 11d.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d. 6. Mark Wrapper (top left-hand corner): "Canadian Magazine Post." "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 36/6 (U.S.A. \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.

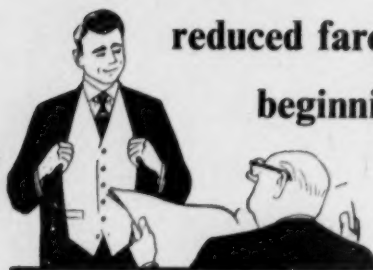
Only Yardley have the art of
blending that richer, more concentrated
Lavender which satisfies
the smart woman. It is a charming
economy because it lasts longer



from 37/4 to 6/-

and she loves its supreme
freshness and fragrance

Good! I see TWA is announcing
reduced fares to U.S.A.
beginning November



"Yes, the firm's travel agent told me about it the other day when I was fixing my trip to America."



"Service is superb as ever—same comfort, same good food, same individual attention."



"That's the reason I always fly TWA. They are such nice people and really welcome you everywhere you go."



"On this next trip I'll save over £28. On Sky Tourist the saving is even more—nearly £35."

Now is the time to plan your trip to the U.S.A. TWA Thrift Season reduced fares are in operation from November to March. Reductions apply to all TWA transatlantic services.

London to New York (RETURN FARES)	On Season (APR.-OCT.)	Thrift Season (NOV.-MAR.)	Saving
First Class	£257.3.0	£228.12.0	£28.11.0
Sky Tourist	£186.9.0	£151.16.0	£34.13.0

To U.K. dollar earners—TWA is the only airline flying from London which also serves 60 major U.S. cities in the principal markets of America. TWA knows America. Their specialised knowledge can be of assistance to you.

3 MILLION PEOPLE A YEAR



FLY TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

USA • EUROPE • AFRICA • ASIA

See your travel agent or 'phone TWA: Trans World Airlines,
200 Piccadilly, W.1. TRAltagar 1234 • TWA Manchester: Blackfriars 4049

BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



Between counsel



There's everything to be said for

**Johnnie
Walker**

the smooth round whisky

in the square bottle

Born 1820—still going strong



Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

Punch, October 27 1956



The well dressed car wears

Give your car a smart new suit of Tygan, and smart it will always be. It's made in tartans, checks, stripes, herringbones and plain shades, as gay or as discreet as you please. But Tygan offers you more than good looks alone, for this new fabric has special physical properties. The colours are an integral part of the material and can't fade. The material itself is imperishable—moth-proof, rot-proof, damp-proof. It's also immensely strong and resists marks and scratches. It only needs an occasional rub with a sponge to stay bright and sparkling, and any dust underneath is at the mercy of a hand vacuum cleaner.



Tygan

REGD

Fothergill & Harvey (Sales) Ltd.
Harvester House, Peter Street, Manchester

Press, October 27 1954



A New View of 'Viyella'

Here are some 'Viyella' shirts that will have little to do with an office. They are at least a hundred miles away from any formal atmosphere of work. These belong only to the country. Men like the country character of 'Viyella', which is also never quite absent from the quieter designs for every day — the 'Viyella' "Town and Country" herringbones and shepherd checks, that are worn anywhere.

Either way, 'Viyella' is the most comfortable of shirts—so comfortable that, after the week-end, a man will wear 'Viyella' every day. This is why "Town and Country" patterns are designed . . . for every occasion. And the price . . . 57/6d.

There's nothing to equal
'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'CLYDELLA' AND 'DAYELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

hot and cold water

for school showers, works wash-basins, hospital baths or industrial processes, should always be automatically mixed by **Leonard** Thermostatic Mixing Valves — they save more than they cost



Over 4,000 Leonard Thermostatic Mixing Valves have been supplied to schools since the war

We invite you to write for Pamphlet No. 55/LG.

WALKER, CROSWELLER & CO. LTD., CHELTENHAM

Remember

to avoid Winter Colds
take

SEROCALCIN TABLETS

NOW

At all chemists
3/9 & 9/10



DAISEE JUTE

builds a home

DAISEE likes a roof over her head. So do most people. And most people can thank jute for it. For jute is in the roofing-felt that backs the tiles and keeps out the wet. Jute is in the damp-courses that stop the damp from coming up. And jute makes the plasterer's scrim that binds the plaster that makes your walls and ceilings.

And that isn't all. Under the lino you'd find jute, under the carpet, under the chair-seats. Furniture fabrics may be made of it; so may the ball of string that comes in so handy round the house.

What versatile stuff! And how modest. Unseen, unsung, anonymous, jute is hard at work, day and night, indoors and out.



— makers of bags and sacks, twines, cords and ropes, jute carpets and furnishing fabrics; deck-chair canvas; yarn for carpets, cloth for backing linoleum, for tarpaulins, roofing felt, damp-courses and plasterer's scrim; cotton belting and webbing.

There may be an application of jute to your business. Why not write to us:—
JUTE INDUSTRIES LTD., MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE



Variations on a frame



IN its various styles of seating and back*, there are many thousands of this "nesting" model giving faithful service throughout the land. It is the logical choice for canteens, clubs, concert and assembly halls. The frames can be either stove-enamelled in colour or chrome-plated.

* 1—WEBBING 2—PLASTICS OR PLYWOOD 3—WOOD SLATS

Apply for the Cox Nesting Chair Catalogue.



COX & CO. (Watford) LTD., WATFORD, HERTS. Telephone: Watford 5631.

A gift to warm the heart!

Prunier

"Hostellerie" Cognac

France's finest liqueur brandy, in a superb gilt-decorated gift pack—with two fine glasses included free... here indeed is a truly original and heart-warming gift!

Available through your wine merchant, complete with glasses, at only **50/-**

Presentation gift boxes of Prunier B & S Cognac, including two free glasses, also excellent value at **44/-**



JAS. PRUNIER & CO. LTD.

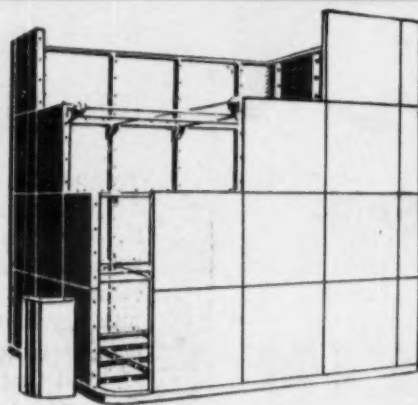
60 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.



FOR A
Life-Long
FRIEND

A
Life-Long
PROPELLING
PENCIL

IN ROLLED GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL
SILVER FROM LEADING JEWELLERS
AND STATIONERS



cast iron

STORAGE TANKS

- Erected from standard size places.
- Inside or outside flanges.
- Universal brackets and stay rods ensure complete rigidity.
- Standard jointing compound gives watertight joints.
- Sound design gives easy erection and years of trouble-free service.

DWG

MATHER & PLATT LTD

PARK WORKS

MANCHESTER 10

GREETINGS OF GOOD TASTE

SHARPE'S
CLASSIC
Christmas
Cards

At Your Stationers

W.N. SHARPE LTD BRADFORD

Oil is our way of life

The Rev. Sydney Smith confessed that his idea of heaven was eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. You yourself may be a vegetarian, and not like music with your meals. You will have your own conception of a pinnacle of happiness, a flashpoint of Better Living.

It is not for the modern Petroleum Industry to interrupt your dreams. Oil is content to go on multiplying the basic amenities of your life on this earth. It makes your transport quick and safe; it speeds the plough; it lubricates the machines of factories. Oil provides ingredients for new drugs, new materials for the modern synthetic fabrics. And oil helps in your home, too. It provides an essential ingredient for the washing powder that your wife uses. The linoleum on her kitchen floor, the fluid in which she preserves her eggs, her rubberised apron and gloves, the plastic curtains in her bathroom, even the nail-varnish on her dressing table Petroleum chemicals have been at work in their manufacture; which probably accounts for their high quality and low price. The name of SHELL may not be on them, but Shell Research stands behind them.

Petroleum in its crude form, dredged from the desert, marsh and jungle, is an unfriendly looking substance, dark, often sticky, sometimes smelly. But the products of its refinement oil the wheels of life: cleanly, smoothly and increasingly.



research points the way

THE SHELL PETROLEUM CO. LTD., ST. HELEN'S COURT, LONDON, E.C.3.

Leaf Clearing? it's easy with the ALLEN SWEEPER

This simple machine with its fast rotating broom, and large capacity container, collects leaves and litter at walking speed, and solves the leaf clearing problem once and for all. It is so easy to use, strongly built and has nothing to go wrong. When not in use can be hung flat against a wall.

£13-10-0

Carriage Paid
From your Ironmonger or send remittance
direct to the manufacturers.

(Illustrated leaflet on request to Dept. F.

JOHN ALLEN & SONS (OXFORD) LTD.
COWLEY OXFORD



GOOD TASTE deserves a

'Monument'

Ask for a 'Monument' if you seek a really fine Amontillado sherry of superb quality and maturity—available in leading hotels and bars and from wine merchants at 20/- a bottle. Monument sherry, with a taste and bouquet all its own, is specially selected and shipped from Spain.

If any difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to

JULIAN & TROWER LTD., 25, Laurence Pountney Lane, London, E.C.4



NEW!
Four degrees of
lighting from one lamp!

NEVER anything like this before! This delightfully attractive 'REGULITE' Table Lamp gives you brilliant light for close work, normal for ordinary use, dim for relaxation, low for the nursery—simply by turning the switch on the base! Ideal for television viewing.

Choice of ivory, pink, green and red, with matching shade and 3 yds. of flex. Uses ordinary 60-watt bulb. For AC Mains.

PRICE: £47.4. Without shade £21.8.4.
WRITE TO US FOR DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET

REGULITE
VARIABLE TABLE LAMP

P. W. BAKER & SONS LTD.,
TEDDINGTON WORKS, WINDMILL RD.,
SUNBURY-ON-THAMES, MIDD.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

THESE are the Newcastle-on-Tyne Pastilles that you may have read about. They were used by Lillie Langtry and practically every famous singer, public speaker and statesman over the last 60 years.

We are getting excellent reports regarding them and it appealed to our sense of pride when an extremely eminent Duke wrote us in June 1954 as follows:

"His Grace finds that the Pastilles are invaluable to him, particularly when he has a lot of speeches to make, and has recommended them to quite a few of his friends."

It is probably unnecessary to explain that we did not solicit or pay for this letter which is at our Bank.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES cost 2/4d. per tin at all good chemists. For minor irritations of the throat they are quite without an equal. If you buy a tin and do not agree with our opinion we will refund the cost and the postage on hearing from you.

Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles Co. Newcastle-on-Tyne 4



MALTA

for WINTER SUNSHINE
without foreign currency. Stay at
HOTEL PHOENICIA.

Full details and rates from
MALTA TRAVEL BUREAU (Phone: GER. 6477)
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(or any other Travel Agent).

P. Vencatachellum's
GENUINE MADRAS
CURRY POWDER
Peacock Brand

FROM ALL GOOD GROCERS AND STORES

REMOVALS

HOULTS LTD.
LONDON OFFICE: The Depositories
Chase Road, Southgate, N.14
Tel.: Palmers Green 1167-8
Also at NEWCASTLE, CARLISLE, GLASGOW
STORAGE

Is it possible that
someone hasn't
heard of—
MASON MASTER
MASONRY DRILLS
and
MASO PLUGS
OBTAINABLE AT IRONMONGERS
WRITE FOR BOOKLET B.M.S.
JOHN W. PERKINS & SONS LTD LONDON RD WORKS BRAUNSTON

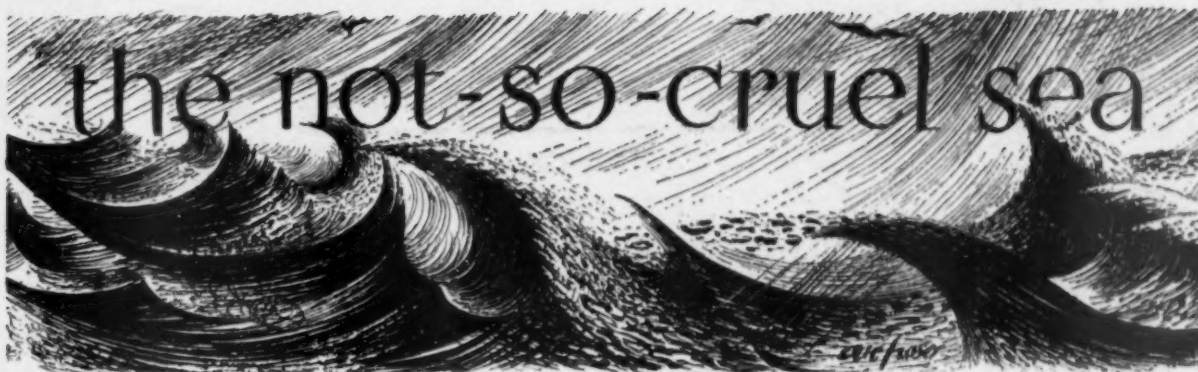
Banister, Walton



build in steel

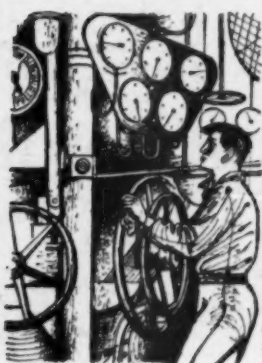
BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted-Welded) LONDON S.W.1-82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17-Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 18-61/63 Western Rd.

MCN 3183



IN spite of rough passages—indeed largely because of the storms it has weathered—the Rank group is now in many ways in a stronger position than ever before. Those whose work is the production, distribution and exhibition of films have reason to feel a new confidence. What has made this great recovery possible? The most important single factor lies in the very composition of the Group: its overall ability to handle so many aspects of the film business.

BELOW DECKS Within the Group, for example, are Denham Laboratories with exceptional facilities for film-processing; and British Optical and Precision Engineers, who supply the means not only to make films (from lenses

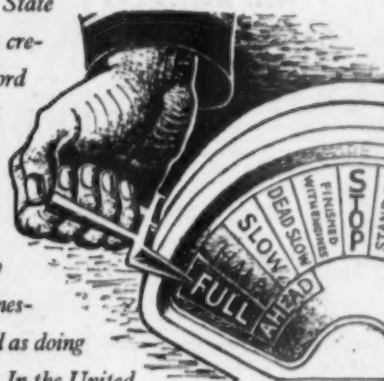


to lighting) but also to show them (from cinema screens to cinema seats).

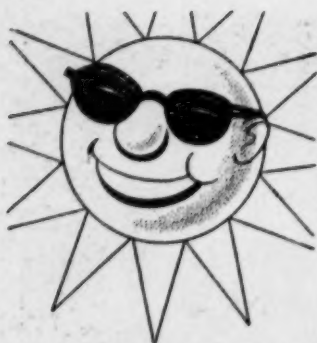
A further group of companies takes care of exhibition (in Odeon and Gaumont theatres) and of distribution. Overseas partnerships and interests thrive—in spite of competition from Hollywood. This root-and-branch system—combined with careful planning, strict economies and first-class films—has transformed the difficulties of five years ago into substantial achievements.

Today, for example, 50% of the earnings of the Group's films come from overseas.

RECORD BREAKER Consider a film like Ealing's *THE CRUEL SEA*. At the State Theatre, Sydney, it created an all-time record with net takings of £14,023 in one week. More records were broken in Canada and in New Zealand. In Johannesburg it was described as doing 'fantastic' business. In the United States it was chosen as one of the ten best films of the year. This success story is only one example of what this Group's resources can achieve.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



**SOUTH AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND**

by

**SHAW SAVILL
LINE**

FIRST CLASS ONLY OR TOURIST CLASS ONLY

• REDUCED FIRST CLASS FARES
to Australia & New Zealand
from 1st March to 30th April 1955
Australia from £145
New Zealand from £150

Apply to your local Travel Agent or
11A LOWER REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephone: Whitehall 1485

**A new thrill for
NATURE LOVERS
THE AUDUBON BIRD CALL**



2/5
ACTUAL SIZE

The Audubon Bird Call really does attract the Birds. It is hand-made of pewter and birch-wood, patterned on bird calls used by Italian Fowlers—just twist the key and it at once brings the birds within range. The Audubon is the ideal outdoor companion for Bird Lovers, Bird Watchers and Naturalists. An ideal Birthday or Christmas gift for your Naturalist friends.

... send 7/6 to:—

John Buxton

Colin Rogers, Cheltenham
Gloucestershire

Sent post free with full instructions

**ASK FOR
LA RIVA**



**SPAIN'S
FINEST
DRY
SHERRY**



FOR **Acid Indigestion**

SO QUICK to relieve acidity

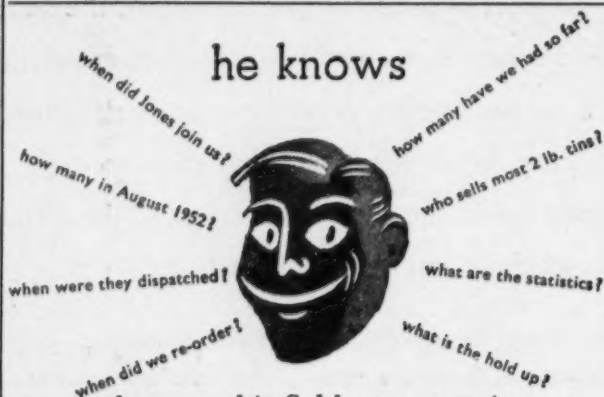
SO PLEASANT to taste

SO HANDY for pocket or bag

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
TABLETS**

30 Tablets 1/4 • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



because his Seldex system is
"made-to-measure" for him

Seldex is the system that fits the job—and not vice versa. At the same time, Seldex versatility often suggests hitherto unconsidered ways of simplifying the complexities of a business. It costs nothing to let one of our experts size up the possibilities of Seldex in your organisation. Why not let him? Send today for a copy of "Seldex—how it works".

CONSTRUCTORS

Regd. Trade Mark

SELDEX VISIBLE RECORDING SYSTEMS

Approved by the Council of Industrial Design

CONSTRUCTORS GROUP, Tyburn Road, Birmingham 24. Tel. *ERDington 1616.
London Office: 98 Park Lane, W.1 and at Manchester, Leeds, Bournemouth, Leicester

Lap-tab
BRITISH PATENT NOS.
615114 & 609617

**FOLDING
ARMCHAIR TABLE
MAKES HOMEWORK EASY!**

An Ideal Christmas Gift.

Thousands sold and every customer completely satisfied. Table top size 30" wide x 19", made of sheet steel, covered with beige felt, non-skid surface. Channels are provided for pens; also non-burn ash-trays. Fitted with chrome plated telescopic leg and plastic foot. Nine adjustable heights. A "must" for students, invalids and all who take work home. Many disappointed last year. ORDER NOW! You like it or we refund your money.

Price, carr. paid (U.K. only)

£2.19.6

Accepted by the Council of Industrial Design for inclusion in Design Review.

Send for folder "P"

LAP-TAB LTD. HASLUCKS GREEN RD. SHIRLEY - BIRMINGHAM



STOP
this
heartless
traffic
in

MYXOMATOSIS!

STOP the deliberate spreading of MYXOMATOSIS! Victims of this horrible disease are being caught for sale as carriers, to be let loose in infection-free areas. Myxomatosis kills only after intense, prolonged pain and misery. Nothing can justify this callous encouragement of animal suffering, and the R.S.P.C.A. appeals for your support in demanding an immediate legal ban. Volunteers in infected areas, who must be expert shots, apply please, to the Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. (Dept. P.) 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1 or to the nearest R.S.P.C.A. Inspector.

Remember the

RSPCA

**RENTOKIL
TIMBER FLUID**

**KILLS
WOODWORM**



**NO BETTER
PRODUCT
ON SALE TO-DAY.**
Rentokil Timber Fluid destroys beetle, egg, grub and successfully prevents all future attack.

From Stockists Everywhere.
For Expert advice, call or write
The Woodworm and Dry Rot Centre (P)
23 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.
Telephone: LANGham 5455/6

Also use
RENTOKIL FURNITURE CREAM
the insecticidal Polish—1/3 and 2/3 per bottle.

RENTOKIL LTD.

Fetcham • Leatherhead • Surrey

A matter of pedigree . . .

Whether you call it pedigree, heritage, or background the technical knowledge and manufacturing ability of the 'English Electric' group of Companies is manifest in every one of the many products that bear its name.

Remember this fact when you think of buying your television set!

Ask your local dealer about 'English Electric' receivers and see that you enjoy the benefits of fine engineering and incomparable workmanship in your home for years to come.



Right. 17" Table Model T.40. Multi-band receiver with 'English Electric' Rotomatic 12 Channel tuning. Cabinet of selected sapele veneer. Cash price 79 gns. Sample H. P. terms £8.6.0 down and repayments amounting to no more than 18/9 a week. Matching stand optional extra.

Left. 16" Table Model 16T11D. Single-band receiver to which Rotomatic tuner unit may be added to give full 12-channel station selection. Walnut veneer cabinet. Cash price 76 gns. Sample H. P. terms £8.0.0 deposit and repayments amounting to no more than 18/- a week. Matching stand optional extra.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

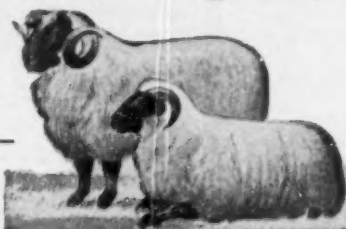
BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING



The English Electric Co. Ltd., Domestic Appliance and Television Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool, 10.

Nature's Masterpieces

can be
instantly
recognised —
—so can



HARRIS TWEED

A masterpiece of Man and Nature

THIS IS HOW ▶

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Revolutionary new razor by PAL

Gives quicker, smoother shaves —
automatic split-second
blade change
and needs no drying!

OLD BLADE OUT!



The PAL Injecto-Matic razor saves precious time on every shave. There's nothing to screw or unscrew! PAL automatic magazine ejects old blade, loads new blade with the precision of a rifle bolt. After each smooth shave, just rinse the razor-head — then flick it dry. No wiping, no drying, no bother!

Ask to see this really
different razor TODAY!

The new PAL razor, complete with magazine containing 12 blades, in handsome travel case, costs only 8/6d. Refill magazine of 12 PAL Injecto blades, 2/6d.

PAL INJECTO-MATIC

Obtainable at all Woolworths, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, British Home Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.



8/6
Complete to use with 12 blades



Not everyone realizes that Jack Hawkins' recent film triumphs were preceded by many successful, if less spectacular, years on the stage. He met his wife Doreen (they have three children) in India during the war, when she was on an ENSA tour and he was serving in South East Asia Command. His sensational successes "The Cruel Sea," "Malta Story," and "The Intruder" are now followed by "The Seekers" (J. Arthur Rank Organisation release) — filmed in New Zealand. For her birthday, he gave his wife a Parker '51.'

Jack Hawkins
gave his wife
a Parker '51' for
her birthday



*
CONTEMPORARY
ELEGANCE

and an ink system far
ahead of any other

*

TO PEOPLE WHO ARE ACCUSTOMED TO the best of everything, no other writing instrument but a New Parker '51' is really acceptable.

Its design is both elegant and practical; it is truly graceful in the best contemporary manner. What is more, the New Parker '51' is mechanically far ahead of any other pen, since its Aero-metric Ink System draws up, stores, and releases ink in a unique way — setting new standards of reliable writing.

As a special gift for a particular occasion, anyone would be honoured to receive a Parker '51.' Buy one for yourself, and you will have a constant, treasured companion.

Choice of four colours, and eight different nib grades to suit every hand. With Rolled Gold cap, now only 105/-; with Lustraloy cap 82/3.

THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-feed pencil. In elegant presentation case.

ROLLED GOLD CAPS	• • • •	£7.18.6
PENCIL ALONE	• • • •	52/6
LUSTRALOY CAPS	• • • •	£6.4.0
PENCIL ALONE	• • • •	46/10

Other famous Parker models — each with modern simplified filling system, visible ink supply, and the famous Parker arrow clip. The new large Senior Duofold pen at 43/-, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at 37/11, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at 30/11, the slender, elegant Slimfold at 23/11, a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match all these models, 20/5. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets.

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED • BUSH HOUSE • LONDON W.C.2

Choosing your Brandy



V.S.O.P

Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces only cognac of this superior quality.

REMY MARTIN

Pride of Cognac

You can now get

After 15 years of rationing, restrictions on our purchases of American Virginia leaf have been eased. Now, for the first time since 1939, we can greatly increase the output of our best cigarettes, using leaf tobacco of our own selection.



Rothmans de Luxe cigarettes



Rothmans well known Mail Order Service is therefore being discontinued, and all Rothman shops (except No. 5 Pall Mall, London S.W.1.) are being transferred to the ownership of approved tobacconists. We are distributing our cigarettes through the retail tobacco trade—at first in London only, and later throughout the country.

everywhere[★] in London

There are two superb brands—Rothmans de Luxe, in the black and white pack at 3/9d. for 20, and Pall Mall, Britain's first cigarette with the built-in filter, at 3/7d. for 20. Both cigarettes will give you the sheer enjoyment of tasting again real Virginia tobacco. Ask for them at your tobacconist.

★almost, and if not, please tell us.

Rothmans of Pall Mall

5 PALL MALL, LONDON S.W.1.

Makers of Fine Cigarettes since 1890





Who's beating who?

You stand there, a fork quivering in your hand, hair streaming into your eyes—and the eggs remain unmoved. You deserve a 'Prestige' Imperial Food Mixer. With that you can beat eggs stiff in 28 seconds (25 if you're really trying). Remember the magic words: Imperial Food Mixer.

Made by the 'Prestige' people for the sum—to you—of 42/-! with rack, in gift box.

* Go on — see it at your favourite store!

Say it with music - record it with **GRUNDIG**

SPEECH or music, both are faultlessly recorded on the Grundig TK9 Tape Recorder.

What a chance, at last, to do your stuff. Perhaps it's that crazy bit of doggerel of your youth you've wanted to get off your chest for years and hand down to posterity... In your own voice. Maybe you'd like to record that favourite piece of music that's constantly "playing" in the back of your cranium. And what about recording some of your pet jokes from Punch?

Well, here's your chance to record the lot and play them back over and over again. Or, you can "rub it out and do it again" by making new recordings over your old ones which are automatically erased. Your Grundig not only offers fun for the whole family but will earn its keep recording letters, meetings, telephone calls and what have you!

SOME UNIQUE GRUNDIG FEATURES Fool-proof controls; unique magic eye tuning device for play-back as well as recording; 90 minutes' recording and play-back on one spool of tape; automatic stops at end of spools; speedily press-button change from one sound track to the other.



"All hands
on deck, your
feet as well,"
the Captain
loudly
roared..."



GRUNDIG

"Reporter" TK9

65 gns. (less microphone)

HIRE PURCHASE DEPOSIT £10

Two microphones 4½ gns. and 6 gns.

Most good Radio or Photographic Dealers stock Grundig. Ask for a demonstration today or write for illustrated folder mentioning this advertisement

GRUNDIG (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., KIDBRIDGE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3
(ELECTRONICS DIVISION, GAS PURIFICATION & CHEMICAL CO. LTD.)

G198



Charming and functional

The Belling Medieval

Fire is a product of traditional English craftsmanship combined with modern engineering skill. Whether your home is antique or contemporary in style, it will provide that indefinable atmosphere of cosiness which only an open fire can give—and without the waste of misdirected heat or the labour of dirty hearths.

With coal effect: £15.14.4 inc. tax · With logs effect: £18.9.0 inc. tax

This is only one of our extensive range of up-to-date heating appliances, obtainable through every Electrical Shop and Showroom.

Write to Belling & Co. Ltd., Bridge Works, Enfield, Middx. for our 64-page Catalogue, illustrating Belling Electric Fires, Cookers and other appliances for the Home.

You can't beat a "Belling"

CRC 147

WADDINGTON'S FAMILY GAMES



make the hours fly!



ASTRON A new, outer space game with a patented moving universe. Your space ship defies death and danger, fighting its perilous way to the mystery planet, Saturn. 25/-.

KEYWORD The first and foremost word-game—America's best-seller and a truly brilliant family game. Played on an attractive board with plastic letters, polished wood holders. 21/-.



MONOPOLY Own Mayfair, Park Lane, control main line railway stations, buy up nearly all London (if you don't go bankrupt first), in this thrilling Property Trading Board Game. 19/11d.

CLUEO Given certain facts, can you trace the perpetrator of a crime, where it happened, the instrument used? Here's your chance—Clueo, the game that's radically different from all others. 19/11d.



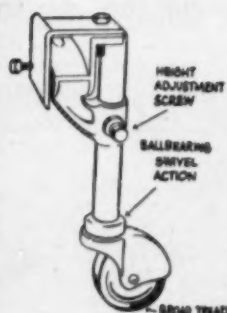
THEY'RE FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

From all Stationers, Stores, etc.



Wonderful news for weary bed-makers! Simply fit easy-running Vono Castors . . . and take the strain off your back when you move the bed. With Vono Castors, your beds glide where you want them at a touch. No lifting, no effort. Vono Castors are so easy to fit . . . and full fitting instructions are supplied with every set.

And Vono Castors prolong the life of your carpets . . . roll gently over the pile . . . eliminate destructive wear. They are made to fit most types of bed, and they cost from as little as 49/- a set. Ask about Vono Castors at any good-class furnisher or hardware shop—today.



**...and save wear
on your precious carpets!**

VONO LTD • TIPTON • STAFFS

Slow business in show business



The Plaintiff described himself as a comedian, except on Sundays or when appearing in a cultural, tax-free capacity. His counsel explained that margarine had long been a fruitful source of comic material, due to certain doubtful qualities.

By displaying undoubted merits, *Stork* Margarine was damaging his client's earning power: it was clearly Tort. "Fancy calling Tort Margarine!" interposed his client, to show the extent of the damage.

"Contempt of Tort—er, Stork—er, court!" interposed the judge, restricting the Plaintiff's earning power even further.

But, joking apart, we recommend every comedian to take the philosophical view and regard *Stork's* creamy taste as he would a beneficent mother-in-law. It may spoil the act, but it makes life more enjoyable. What's more, all those old margarine jokes would be alive today, if it weren't for the law. For the law which calls a spade a spade insists that *Stork* be called Margarine. Next time he gets his knife into *Stork*, let him take the Law to Court.

The Law and the Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE

Drinks are on you Jim...



Good food, first-class accommodation, courteous, friendly service, unrivalled sporting facilities—all this and Devon too is at the

PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY


Through Express train services from the North, the Midlands and London.

Manager: George Conquest F.H.C.I.
Telephone: 2271

THE FINEST HOTEL ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

Pintail  **SHERRY**

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND



Established 1800

a sure winner
for tea!



Straight from the sea—caught, peeled and potted in one day, packed in pure butter. A tea-time delicacy, ideal for cocktail parties or hors d'œuvre.

Shrimply delicious



YOUNG'S POTTED SHRIMPS LTD
THE FISHERIES, CARK-IN-CARTMEL,
MORECAMBE BAY

From high-class stores in principal towns, or write for address of nearest stockist

L-o-n-g
refreshment
leads to
lasting
friendship

*Make friends
with
Martell*
BRANDY



with soda or most good soft drinks

A Scottish Coxswain

The
Smallest
Life-boat

costs £13,000. The Lifeboat Service has never been needed more than it is today—but like everything else, it costs more.

The smallest contribution will help, send yours to

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

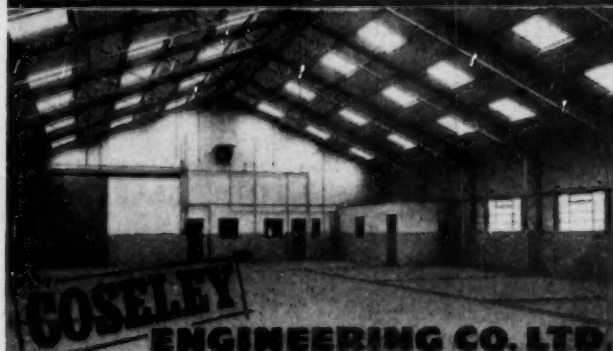
Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.



*Visiting
London?*
600 SELF-CONTAINED
SERVICE APARTMENTS.
Each with own Bathroom
and Kitchen with Fridge,
Maid Service, etc. One
room, two rooms or
suite in the heart of
London. Comfortable
& convenient. From
£1.15 per day
Write for Brochure or phone
4.M.0. 7733.

PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH • LONDON

COSELEY Standard Steel Framed BUILDINGS



Coseley Buildings have a range of spans from 30ft. to 75ft. with a choice of various heights to eaves. Cladding may be in Aluminium, Asbestos, or Steel Sheeting. Agents in all principal Countries.

LANESFIELD WOLVERHAMPTON ENGLAND • Tel BILSTON 41927-8-9
LONDON OFFICE 27 OLD BOND STREET W.1. • TEL GR0 8826-7-8

**THE ARISTOCRAT OF
PEPPERMINT CREAMS**

Wrapped to keep
that subtle flavour



CLARNICO

It's a wonderful experience
to taste these distinguished
Clarnico Peppermint
Creams. Let your
palate linger over
their exquisite flavour.

1'6

PER HALF POUND
IN THE GAY
GREEN-STRIPED BOX
Also sold loose



CLARNICO LTD., LONDON. *Famous for peppermint during six reigns*
CVS-280A

GOOD COMPANY



MR. HORNIMAN

established his packet tea

business in 1826 to serve

the public with fine

tea in fair measure.

*To this day, his high
standards are enjoyed by
people of discernment.*

MR. PUNCH

has been a symbol of

British humour since

1841. Ever shrewd, witty,

endearing, his weekly

Charivari always gives

pleasure to lovers

of rich humour.



HORNIMANS
Rich and Fragrant

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD., SHEPHERDESS WALK, LONDON, N.1

... much
neater with
LIGHTNING
zip fronts



Trousers are much neater... no doubt about it, when you get a pair with the 'Lightning' zip. So quick, convenient and neat that you'll wonder why you didn't choose 'Lightning' long ago. Today, 'Lightning'-zipped trousers are practically a 'must'—a man has only to try a pair to be convinced. Just ask your tailor.



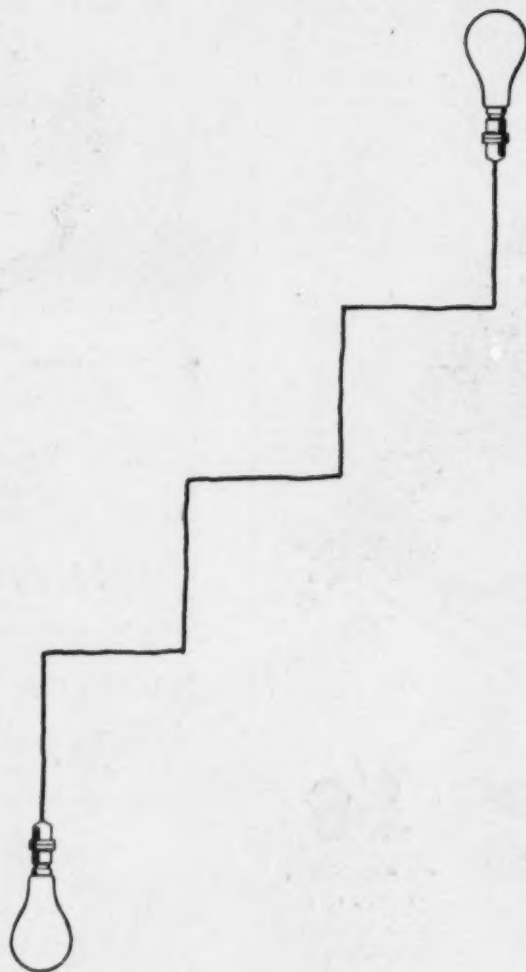
LIGHTNING
the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LTD.
BIRMINGHAM

(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



L.P. 131



Don't say 'lamps'—say

Crompton

You cannot buy better



BY APPOINTMENT
MANUFACTURERS
OF ELECTRIC LAMPS
TO THE LATE KING
GEORGE VI
CROMPTON PATENT LAMP LTD.



Sharps

the word
for Toffee



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
"The Toffee Specialists" MAIDSTONE, KENT



Now a PIFCO Dry Shaver at a price you never thought possible! All and more than a first-class shaver should be. It gives the smoothest, cleanest, quickest shave ever. A delight to the eye, dainty in the hand, gentle in use.

For A.C. Mains

From Chemists, Electricians & Stores.
Write for free illustrated and descriptive folder to Pifco Ltd., 20 Pifco House, Watling St., Manchester 4

COMPLETE IN 2-WAY CASE

79/6

Priced for EVERYMAN!



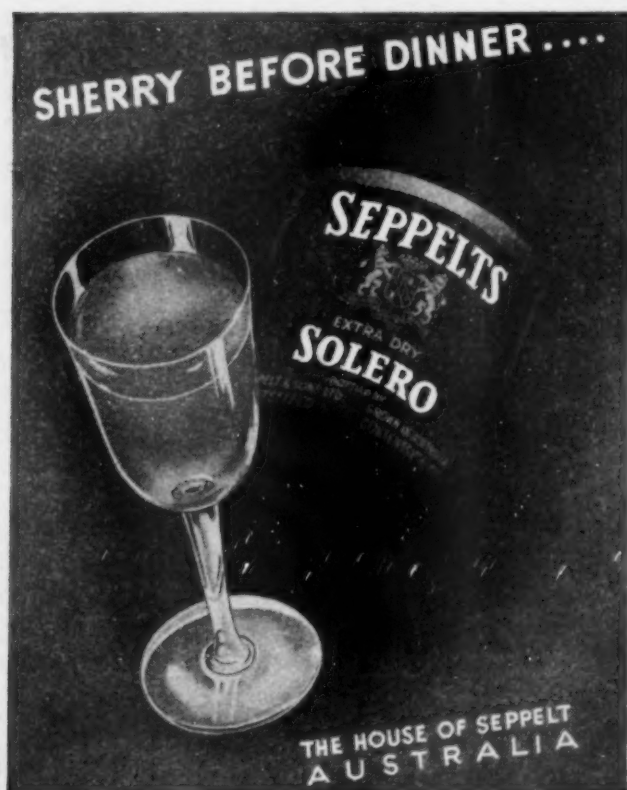


'stands alone...'

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICA

* In appearance, in workmanship, in flavour and aroma, this fine cigar — EL TROVADOR — stands alone.

SHERRY BEFORE DINNER



SEPPELTS
EXTRA DRY
SOLEO

THE HOUSE OF SEPELT
AUSTRALIA

B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd. London Branch: 88 Cannon St., London, E.C.4. Tel.: MAN 2746



**Warning
to motorists!**

IT'S BLUECOL TIME!

On any of the 180-odd nights from late October to early April a sudden frost can cost you £30 for repairs to a cracked cylinder block — if the cooling system of your car is not protected.

On the coldest days, unprotected cooling systems risk damage from ice which can form while you drive. Bluecol removes this risk, but nightly draining does not. Night and day, Bluecol keeps your cooling system doubly safe: safe against even 35° of frost, and safe (because of the special inhibitors that Bluecol contains) against rusting and similar chemical action. And the time to put Bluecol in is now. You save no money by waiting; you merely run unnecessary risks. Bluecol double safety lasts the winter through. If you act now you can buy winter-long freedom from frost worries for about twopence a day — which is probably less than you spend on your daily papers.

BLUECOL

THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

one of SMITHS accessories for better motoring

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LIMITED, CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LIMITED

THIS is the Gin...



... FOR A BLISSFUL

'GIN AND ITALIAN'

Of all apéritifs, Gin and Italian is perhaps the warmest-hearted; blended with Gordon's* Gin, this full-bodied and discreetly sweet appetizer is perfect indeed. Here's how: Mix 2/3 GORDON'S with 1/3 Italian Vermouth. Stir well and pour into a cocktail glass with a squeeze of orange peel or a dash of GORDON'S ORANGE BITTERS. Serve with a cocktail cherry.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE ROYAL
NAVY

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

MAX. PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d • 1/2 BOTTLE 17/7d • 1/4 BOTTLE 9/2d • MINIATURE 3/7d • U.K. ONLY



The natural choice

Brylcreem grooms by Surface Tension. The unique action of the special Brylcreem emulsion has made this perfect hairdressing the natural choice for men who understand the importance of careful grooming. The pure oils in Brylcreem spread evenly as a thin film over each hair, allowing the surface tension to hold the hairs together firmly but gently. Thus every hair is supple and lustrous—perfectly controlled from morning to night. By using Brylcreem you are sure of healthy hair and perfect grooming without excessive oiliness. Tubes 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or tubes 2/6, especially convenient for travelling.

BRYLCREEM

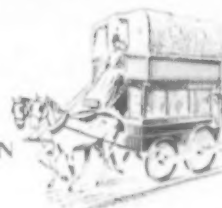
for smart, healthy hair



royds 215/6/54

THE LONDON OMNIBUS

A VEHICLE
OF
INFORMATION



IN this horse-drawn covered waggon the citizens of Edwardian London trundled on their venturesome way between Liverpool Street and Regent Circus via Holborn.

May we now remind you of another public service? For more than two centuries, an omnibus collection of all sorts of insurance policies has been built up by the London Assurance. Here are a few of them:

SCHOOL MASTERED

Sooner or later, fathers come to think of their children in terms of education. And it's never too soon for the prudent parent. By taking out our Educational Policy really early on, he makes light of heavy school bills to come.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE

Fires in firms come in many different sizes. It may be a smoulder in a waste-paper basket. It could be a case of everything going to blazes. And the burning question is: have you a large enough insurance cover to meet every emergency? If not, then we suggest you get in touch with us before anything really alarming happens.

FIRM POLICY

Many hundreds of Staff Pension Schemes, large and small, have been organized by the London Assurance. We can therefore offer to firms and organizations that may be considering such a scheme the advantages of wide experience, in a subject which requires real understanding.

GENERALLY SPEAKING...

If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide information about any other particular policies or about insurance problems generally—pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1, King William Street, Dept. W.1, London, E.C.4.

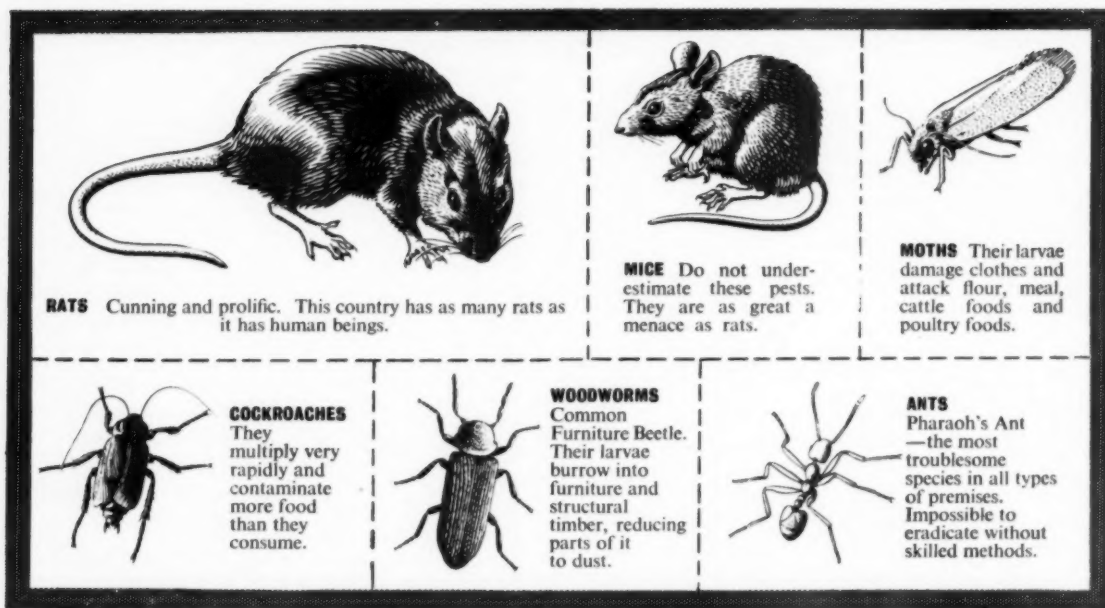
THE LONDON ASSURANCE



"Very good people to deal with"

These Loathsome Pests

can destroy your good name—ruin your goods!



CALL IN THE **D** SERVICE NOW!

Are these hideous pests invading your property, spreading disease, offending all who see them and costing you pounds? It is no use merely driving them away—pests are sure to return. That is why tackling them unaided is a waste of your time and money. Only the expert can do this job efficiently, economically and safely. The one *permanent* remedy is the D Service.

What the D Service does

This nation-wide service, operated by Disinfestation Ltd., deals scientifically and decisively with all manner of pests. It has branches in every county, staffed by men skilled in the latest methods of pest destruction.

The action of the D Service is three-fold—

Detection. Experienced surveyors examine your premises and decide the nature and extent of infestation.

Diagnosis. Experts map out the source of invasion, the route taken by pests and the places where they breed.

Destruction. The particular pests involved are scientifically *destroyed*—not merely driven away.

Nor does the D Service stop there; reinfestation is guarded against by regular inspection. Act now! Every day you delay, the pests are multiplying and more damage is being done. Send for full details now. All enquiries are treated in strict confidence.

Write to **DISINFESTATION LTD., 125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1**

Telephone: **TRAFALGAR 7621**

DISINFESTATION

BRANCHES IN EVERY COUNTY

HEAD OFFICE & LABORATORIES: FELCOURT, EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX